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WHAT H. G. KNOWS ABOUT THRÆSHING.

And now "He comes among us to ask that we adopt *Him* as our Party Chief!"—*New York World*, June 6, 1872.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

THE PLAIN FACT.

BESIDES the late Copperheads and certain discontented Republicans, the GREELEY party includes a few thoughtful men sincerely desirous of reform, and honestly persuaded that it can come only by the defeat of General GRANT and the Republican party. They are proud of the history of the party. They do not willingly mean to imperil a single result that it has achieved. They acknowledge the great services of General GRANT in the war. They have no faith in Democrats, and they see in many ways the curious unfitness of Mr. GREELEY for the Presidency. But, on the other hand, they think that General GRANT is badly advised; that the Democrats have assented to the settlement of the war; that Mr. GREELEY means well; that "the South" will be sullen until it has taken successful part in a Presidential election; and that the only way to dissolve both parties and form a new is to defeat the Republican. Therefore, not without regret and distrust, they think that they must vote against their old friends and the magnanimous chief of the armies that crushed the rebellion, and join hands with BEAUREGARD and FERNANDO WOOD to elect Mr. GREELEY.

The Republicans think, then, that General GRANT is badly advised. Do they think that Mr. GREELEY will surround himself with wiser counselors? Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES says that Mr. GREELEY is the prey of flatterers and sycophants. Would he be less so as President? These Republicans have seen those who are most conspicuous in Mr. GREELEY'S support: do their reputations and careers inspire the hope of a higher tone in administration? These Republicans know how reluctantly Senator SCHURZ came to the support of Mr. GREELEY, and that, almost without exception, the better men of the Cincinnati movement deplore his nomination. Upon what reasonable ground do they believe that Mr. GREELEY will be better advised than General GRANT?

In the second place, these Republicans think that the Democrats have acquiesced in the result of the war. But does it therefore follow that it is wise that a party chiefly composed of Democrats, including the mass of the late rebels, should obtain possession of the government? Why do the friends of Mr. GREELEY claim the united white vote "with a part" only of the colored vote at the South? Because the colored citizens know that the Ku-Klux and the entire negro-hating spirit in the country desires the election of Mr. GREELEY against General GRANT. Does the victory of that spirit seem to our friends the way of peace and justice and equal rights? If the Democrats have acquiesced in the great results of the war, the Republicans believe in them. With which should they be trusted?

Our friends think also that Mr. GREELEY means well. Perhaps he meant well when he encouraged and justified secession—when he "nagged" President LINCOLN to buy a peace—when he promoted foreign intervention—when he gravely perplexed Mr. LINCOLN by his Niagara performances—when he complained to Mr. SEWARD long ago that he had not been rewarded with an office—when he half apologized for SWEENY and TWEED—whenever he has done any thing which showed his fatal want of judgment. Had he been President instead of LINCOLN, he might have meant well in surrendering to the rebellion. Do our friends think it enough to mean well, if you have no judgment?

Again, they say that the South will be sullen until it has taken successful part in an election. Why? Because it broods over the old defeat. Now if the Republican policy had been vindictive or harsh, we would condemn it with our friends. But it has not been so. It gave equal suffrage because it was proved to be necessary for the protection of equal rights. The Southern friends of Mr. GREELEY made black codes in 1865—they would make them now if they dared. The Republicans gave equal suffrage; they have granted an absolute amnesty, except in two or three hundred instances; and they have protected at the polls, with Mr. GREELEY'S most hearty approval, the colored citizens whom many of Mr. GREELEY'S Southern supporters would have prevented from voting. For the adventurers who have gone into the Southern States, and for the misgovernment there, the Republican party can in no just sense be held responsible. While for the ill feeling that still exists the remedy is not in the success of those who denounce the Republican rule as infamous—a success which would revive every spark of old hostility with an exulting expectation of revenge. The logical solution of the Southern situation is the dissolution of the Democratic party, the party which is the perpetual hope of disaffection in the Southern part of the country, and the consequent consciousness that the situation is to be improved, but not radically changed.

And this Democratic dissolution our friends anticipate from the election of Mr. GREELEY as the regularly nominated Democratic candidate! It is not by success, however, that a party is usually dissolved. In 1860 the Democrats nominated two candidates—Mr. BRECKINRIDGE and Mr. DOUGLAS—and were defeated. In '64 they nominated General M'CLELLAN, and in '68 Mr. SEYMOUR, and were defeated. In '72 they will probably nominate Mr. GREELEY. If they are defeated again, the party necessarily disbands, and new organizations become possible. If they are successful with Mr. GREELEY, they will be the same party, with the same general sympathies, principles, and purposes. The fact that Mr. GREELEY was a Republican will no more prevent the Administration being Democratic than the fact that General GRANT was not a Republican before the war has affected his Administration. The mass of voters who elect the President determine the character of the Administration. If our friends think that the success of the Baltimore candidate would not be desirable if it were not Mr. GREELEY, they ought not to wheedle themselves with the fancy that his nomination essentially changes the situation. Why will the Democrats nominate him, if such be their action? To defeat GRANT. But why do they wish to defeat GRANT? Is it that there may be great and generous reforms, or that they may obtain power? Did the monkey mean only to warm the cat's paws, or to pull out the chestnuts?

NEPOTISM.

DR. JOHNSON was always anxious that disputants should free their minds of cant; and nothing is more desirable in the debate upon the Presidency. The word nepotism has played an imposing part in the arraignment of the President. It is not every body who understands the word, and therefore its mystery is a power, as the same Dr. JOHNSON found when he called a fish-woman an intransitive verb. Mr. SUMNER solemnly appeals to history, cites the terrible example of popes, conjures the image of a monster, and then denounces the President as a nepotist. He uses his position to heap honors and emoluments upon his kindred, is the cry of the great and little orators: it is infamous! But let us see exactly what all this means.

In itself, of course, there is no impropriety in appointing a relative to office. The intimacy arising from the relation often gives opportunity of a knowledge of fitness which can not otherwise be obtained. At the beginning of the rebellion a high officer of the government was censured for giving certain naval contracts to a relation. He very properly replied that he knew both the character and capacity of the person, and they were so precisely what were demanded that he was not willing the service should lose them merely because of the relationship. If ALEXANDER HAMILTON had been WASHINGTON'S cousin instead of his friend, WASHINGTON'S opinion of his peculiar fitness for the head of the Treasury could not have been different; and if he had appointed him, should we have quoted the popes against him, or been glad that he had had the courage to appoint the man whom he thought most fit for the place? In our present system of the civil service the President can usually know little of those whom he appoints. Is it unpardonable that he should in a dozen instances appoint those whom he does know, even if they are also of some degree of kin?

What we are saying is that kinship will often enable the appointing power to select the fittest person. Nobody, surely, complains that Mr. SEWARD wished his son to be Assistant Secretary of State, nor that many high officers appoint their sons or nephews as secretaries or chief clerks. They know all about them because of the relationship. Such an appointment is not, therefore, an offense in itself. If the public offices are filled with honest, able, efficient men, by whom the public business is well done, there should be no complaint of nepotism. Indeed, JEFFERSON, who is constantly quoted against the appointment of relatives, does not object to it *per se*. His argument is that people will always think that such appointments are not made upon proper grounds—not that they may not be so made—and therefore, as a matter of policy, they had better not be made.

From the manner in which the President is accused of nepotism it might be supposed that he had filled most of the offices with his relations, or that he had, at least, appointed most of his relatives to office. As a matter of fact, out of the sixty or seventy thousand offices of various degrees, some twelve or thirteen are filled by persons in some way related to him. We do not believe that this is held to be a very grave offense, although it is called solemnly and mysteriously the grossest nepotism. It is undoubtedly impolitic, as JEFFERSON says; but to magnify such appointments into comparison with papal nepotism, or the bestowing of great hereditary powers and revenues upon illegitimate children called nephews, is a proceeding a thousandfold more monstrous than the alleged wrong. Again, to represent that it is the habit of the President to fill the offices with his relatives is a bald and absurd falsehood. The few instances, however, are enough for the cry, which is raised precisely as JEFFERSON describes, namely, that people will not believe a President's motives in such matters to be good, whether they are so or not.

Some dozen offices, mostly of insignificant value, which are not under our system retained beyond the term of the President who fills them, are held by a dozen persons in some degree related to the President. They are not alleged to be unworthily filled except in one instance, for the charges against Mr. CRAMER have been disproved. In the other case, that of the collector at New Orleans, although in the fury of misrepresentation it is not easy to know the facts, the President thought it best that, under the circumstances, the collector should be asked to resign, which he immediately did. But at the request of members of Congress, and a large and influential body of Republicans, the case is for the present suspended, and the collector remains. This is the truth of what is called the President's nepotism. It is one of the chief charges most elaborately urged in Mr. SUMNER'S indictment. It is the sole ground for the bitter denunciation of the President for treating the government of the United States as if it were his private property. Let the honest people of the country honestly consider it. They may grant, as the result shows, that JEFFERSON was right in thinking it inexpedient. But do they think that it proves such shocking unfitness for the Presidential office?

It is true that the President's father is a small postmaster in Kentucky—and it is not alleged that he is incapable or dishonest. It is true that the brother-in-law of the President fills some position in the White House—and there is no charge against him but that he is a brother-in-law. Is not the very fact that such things, with his going to the sea-side in summer, and with a hundred other details, are ingeniously distorted, magnified, and elaborated as proofs of his gross, dull, sordid baseness, and total incapacity of apprehending his office, enough to suggest that there is no serious cause of complaint? If the President *were* a CÆSAR, as Mr. SUMNER declares—if his administration were so ignominious and outrageous as his enemies allege, who believes that the organized opposition to it would have steadily crumbled during his whole term, until now its sole desperate chance of recovery lies in attempting, with the Republicans who could not control the President, to defeat his re-election by poisoning the public mind by the most malignant personal slander?

JUDGE HOAR AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE speech of Judge HOAR, the late Attorney-General, is one of the events of the campaign. He is a man of the best ability and the weightiest character and influence; one of the most incorruptible, sturdy, and discreet of citizens, and an original Republican by the profoundest conviction. The retirement of Judge HOAR from the cabinet figures among the offenses of the President. He forces his best officers, we are told, to resign. That there was no forcing process in this case is evident, for Judge HOAR is a man of much too lofty self-respect to support an Administration if he had such reason to know that it was unworthy of support.

He is to-day one of the most trusted of Republicans, one of the men who would honor any position to which he might be called. He is a Massachusetts leader; perfectly well known and respected in his State; a man who has had the most intimate personal relations with the President; and therefore he is the man, of all men in the country, who, standing in Faneuil Hall, should answer the speech of Senator SUMNER, which describes the President, as Judge HOAR truly remarked, as a common enemy of mankind. We hope that the speech will be widely diffused and universally read. There is such a steady drizzle of petty and vulgar calumny against the President that a great many persons, hearing incessantly that he is a base, corrupt, low, sordid man, may unconsciously conceive him to be so. For such persons this cool, clear, north wind of truth will be most serviceable and refreshing. Judge HOAR'S testimony may perhaps tend to persuade them that General GRANT is neither a dull fool, nor a crafty despot, nor a nose of wax in knavish hands; but an earnest, sagacious, honorable man, whose administration is to be judged, like every administration, upon the whole, and by its general character and results.

During the whole period that he was in the cabinet Judge HOAR says that he never heard any measure of administration discussed except with sole reference to the public good; "And when I remember," he says, "the simple, direct, modest man who sat at the head of the table there, and then take up Mr. SUMNER'S speech, I can but think that he is talking of some one else." When there was some hissing, intended for Mr. SUMNER'S name, Judge HOAR, who is upon the most friendly personal relations with the Senator, instantly checked it. "No, no; let no sound of hissing or sound of censure be raised against that honored name. He has stood up here as the friend of the oppressed, the advocate of emancipation. I honor him for what he has done, and I the more regret that at his advanced age he could have indulged in such a speech at such a time. It is sad for General GRANT, sad for the Republican party, and saddest of all for him." Then, alluding to Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS'S attack upon the Chief Justice of Massachusetts and the president of Harvard College for defying the laws of the State by being present at a dinner to PAUL MORPHY at which wine was served in a hotel where it was illegal to sell wine, he said that people may have thought the judge and the president might have made some mistakes; but one died and the other lives in spotless honor and with undimmed fame. Why? Because the people of Massachusetts knew them, and there is a strength in character and public service which no dagger can pierce. So with the President of the United States. He may have made some mistakes, but upon all the great subjects to which Mr. SUMNER is devoted the President has been his steadfast ally, and the ferocity of censure to which he is subjected is wholly without reason or excuse.

Such, we believe, will be the serious judgment of the American people. Long before the election the utter injustice of the charges against the President will be so apparent that many an honest man who now thinks him one of the most dangerous and unworthy of men will be ashamed of his hostility to one of the most modest and patriotic of Americans, whose incalculable service to his country so many seem angrily impatient to forget. But the deep sense of his honesty and the grateful recognition of his service which the great mass of Americans feel are the earnest of the result of the canvass. Those who worked with him for the salvation of the country by stern and steady war, not with Mr. GREELEY by offers of money to buy a peace, and by contemptible and futile negotiations with the very *canaille* of rebellion, have no intention of surrendering this government to Mr. GREELEY and his fellow-negotiators at Niagara. They may thrust their poisoned blades at the fair fame of General GRANT, but "there is a strength in character and public service which no dagger can pierce."

A DROLL PERFORMANCE.

FOR an undoubtedly clever man, General BUTLER says a great many silly things. In a speech at Boston he recently declared that civil service reform was a humbug. But as the general also thought a little while ago that paying the national debt honestly was another humbug, his opinion is not, perhaps, of great importance. But he was not contented with so safe a generalization as humbug, in which, indeed, the eminent CARPENTER of Wisconsin was before him. The general proceeded to remark that civil service reform means that men who were at school while their brothers were fighting are to pass examinations in mathematics for permanent positions! Ah, general! if the public were only a fool!

The civil service reform, of course, means nothing of the kind. It means, in General BUTLER'S district, for instance, that the fitness of men for various positions shall be ascertained by some other process than merely asking General BUTLER'S opinion when the general has a few hundred "sound" and faithful men, who have been electioneering and working for him, to reward. The general says that he knows who ought to be postmaster at Gloucester or Pigeon Cove as well as any board of broken-down schoolmasters. He naturally thinks so. Indeed, there are very few of his honorable colleagues in Congress who are not of the same opinion. They are very sure that they, and they alone, are the proper persons to distribute the "patronage" in their districts; and the people to whom that patronage is distributed do not forget to whom they owe it. In the caucus and the primary meeting and the convention they loyally tickle the

hand that tickles them. 'Tis a beautiful merry-go-round, cries General BUTLER: no broken-down school-masters for me! For so clever a man, General BUTLER plays the ostrich with most ludicrous unconsciousness.

NEW YORK AND BELGIUM.

AN interesting question has recently been decided by Judge WILLIAM E. CURTIS in the Superior Court, and the case will probably be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is very desirable that it should be, for the point involved is of great importance.

CARL VOGT, a Belgian, was accused of a murder in that country, whence he fled to the United States, landing in New York. The Belgian minister requested the Governor of New York to commit VOGT for surrender to the authorities of Belgium to answer to the charge of murder, arson, and robbery. The Governor did so, relying upon the act of 1822, which provides that the Governor may deliver any person found within the State who shall be charged with having committed without the jurisdiction of the United States any crime which the State punishes with death or imprisonment in the State-prison. But VOGT was brought before Judge CURTIS upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, his counsel pleading that the power conferred by the State law upon the Governor conflicts with the Constitution of the United States.

The question substantially is whether a State of the Union, as such, can deal with a foreign government. The Constitution forbids any State, without the consent of Congress, to "enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power." During the half century that the law under which the Governor acted has been upon the statute-book no person has been surrendered. Chancellor KENT, indeed, but, we believe, he alone of authoritative names, defends the constitutionality of the law. There was a case in Vermont where the Governor surrendered a person to the Canadian authorities, but the action was annulled because there was no State law justifying the act. The general impression has been, and probably, upon the statement of the facts, the almost universal opinion would be, that the transaction was exactly one of the kind of which the national government alone can take cognizance. Alleged foreign criminals, of course, are not to be allowed to be thrown into the State without remedy; but the proper remedy is a treaty of extradition such as has been negotiated with many foreign governments, and to which Belgium would offer no impediment.

Judge CURTIS held that the general understanding of the unconstitutionality of the law was well founded; that the official request of a minister of a foreign state, and the consequent official action of the Governor, is the "agreement" which the Constitution forbids; that it can not be supposed that the framers of the Constitution meant that a person charged with crime should be surrendered without a hearing before any judicial officer, and at the mere will of the Governor, for the right of personal liberty has been always most jealously guarded by our laws. Moreover, the national and State powers are hopelessly confused, if a State may enter into such relations with a foreign government as the law of 1822 authorizes. The judge, therefore, ordered the release of the prisoner from the Governor's warrant; but he is retained under a charge of grand larceny.

Should the question be appealed, the Supreme Court will probably sustain the judge's view. Nothing can be plainer than the intent of the Constitution to reserve to the national government all dealings of this kind with foreign states. The State of New York is a political society wholly unknown, as such, to the Belgian government, and the Governor of the State can be officially recognized by Belgium only so far as the law of the land may permit. It will be useful to have the point authoritatively determined by the Supreme Court. That will be one of the good results of Judge CURTIS's decision; and another will undoubtedly be the conclusion of treaties of extradition in criminal cases with all the governments with which we have none now. The Governor's action was well enough, for he merely enforced a law of the State in a manner which enables its constitutionality to be determined.

LIES NAILED.

So much corruption in politics has recently been exposed that there is a strong disposition to believe the charge whenever made. Thus, during the winter, there was a startling statement in the Kansas Legislature that Senators POMEROY and CALDWELL, of that State, had bought their seats. The Senators demanded investigation, and just before the adjournment the committee of the Senate reported upon the case of Mr. POMEROY, the investigation in the other not being yet finished. The committee was composed of Democrats and Republicans, but they unanimously and in the most positive and unreserved manner exonerate Mr. POMEROY from the charge of corruption.

No man, also, has been more censured and abused than General BUTLER. We have differed from him upon many occasions, and are very confident that he has been often in the wrong. But he has been pertinaciously charged with dishonesty, and the word "spoons" had become offensively associated with his name. Recently, however, one of the charges against him was tested in court. He was accused of unlawfully seizing the steamer *Nassau* while he commanded at New Orleans in 1863, and, of course, with corrupt intention of personal advantage. General BUTLER conducted his own case, and showed so conclusively that he acted solely in the interest of the government and in the most honorable manner, and that the charge against him was maliciously false, that the opposing counsel stated that they "had heartily and unanimously resolved to proceed no further in the case." And it was abandoned.

Whenever "spoons" are mentioned in connection with General BUTLER this fact should be told. There is a morbid appetite in the public mind for falsehood and scandal, which is now stimulated in the most reckless manner for party purposes. But these cases of Senator POMEROY and General BUTLER should serve to make every honorable man wary of believing or repeating such tales.

PERSONAL.

THE *Nation*, speaking of Dr. LANAHAN, gives the case of the Methodist Book Concern frauds in a nutshell. It says, "The Church went into business in the Book Concern and achieved a prodigious success, but Satan got hold of the books and falsified the entries, stole goods and sold them on his own account, pocketed commissions to which he was not entitled, and, in fact, reproduced on a small scale the very operations he was carrying on in the New York City Hall. When Dr. LANAHAN got in he found him out and collared him, and was trying to drag him to the police station, but the old culprit was actually able to get the clergy and laity about him, persuade them not to examine his books or the contents of his bag, and to give his accuser into custody on a charge of brawling and disorderly conduct."

—A member of a military company from Newburyport was in Boston the other day, and went to the Jubilee. On the programme was a march from "MOZART'S Twelfth Mass." After the performance he happened to be introduced to Mr. GILMORE, who amiably asked him "how he liked it as far as he'd gone," and which of the pieces he was most pleased with. "Well, cap," answered the young soldier, "the thing that *knocked me* was that ere march you call MOZART'S Twelfth Massachusetts!" Mr. GILMORE stared at the creature, looked down one side of him and up the other, bowed a disdainful bow, and left that man from Newburyport.

—STRAUSS and his valet are equally lions in Boston. Both are curiosities. The master is a little nervous Jew physically, and literally a bundle of dance tunes. The man is a gorgeous flunky in flowing livery, who carries his master's violin-box continually. STRAUSS is understood to believe that this country is composed of rich and extravagant people, who fling fortunes at the feet of foreign artists without asking any questions. He offered to a New York manager to conduct some concerts here for $2000 a night, but on being told that that was out of the question, replied that "there were plenty of gentlemen there who would gladly pay it out of their own pockets!" STRAUSS is a wag.

—President THIERS, in a recent interview with leading members of the Chamber of Deputies, expressed his belief in the continuance of a republican form of government for France.

—Bishop WILLIAMS, of Connecticut, was a few days since, at the annual Episcopal Convention, voted a leave of absence for foreign travel, and provision made to supply his place meanwhile.

—TYLER PARKER, who died recently in Vermont, made a will giving his estate of $75,000 to Boxford, the income to be applied to educational purposes. A short time since he gave $1000 for a soldiers' monument.

—Hon. JOHN V. L. PRUYN, chancellor of the Board of Regents of the University of this State, and for some time Representative in Congress from the Albany district, has just returned home after a year's absence in Europe. Few Americans have been the recipients of so much hospitality from the reigning sovereigns of the Old World, and from noble and distinguished families, as Mr. and Mrs. PRUYN, and few have, in so large degree, the qualities, social and intellectual, creditably to represent their countrymen abroad. In Albany the house of Mr. PRUYN has for many years been the centre of elegant hospitality, and especially have eminent foreigners found there a refined and hearty welcome.

—Mr. BURTON N. HARRISON, one of the counsel of the Bar Association in the impeachment trial of Judge M'CUNN, was during the rebellion the private secretary of JEFFERSON DAVIS. He is a graduate of Yale College, and for some time practiced law in Mississippi.

—Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT, in a moment of leisure from his multifarious duties as president of an indefinite number of railroads, found time to give the definite sum of $20,000 to the college at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

—Mr. THEODORE FLAMME, a merchant, residing at 23 University Place, was the sixth man sworn in as a juror in the STOKES case. This gentleman is a brother-in-law of KOSSUTH, having married a sister of the patriot. The next gentleman called as a juror was Mr. BRENNEQUE, a dentist, who stated he had a decided prejudice against STOKES and "all that class of men;" and on being asked by counsel, "What class of men?" replied, "Stock operators and fancy men who do not work for a living." Mr. BRENNEQUE was deemed a prejudiced individual, and permitted to depart to the peaceful pursuits of dentistry.

—General TROCHU has come before the people of France with "An Apology," in which he attacks his enemies in general and the Bonapartists in particular. Of the Empress EUGÉNIE, while respecting her as a woman and mother, he says, "She brought on the Franco-Spanish invasion of Mexico, which discredited the empire and prepared its ruin, and has contributed to establish and generalize habits of luxury and the rage for 'appearances' which have so deeply tainted public morals," etc., etc.

—General PILLSBURY, superintendent of the Albany Penitentiary, who has been sent by Governor HOFFMAN to Europe to look into the correctionary institutions of that continent, was born in a prison sixty-four years ago, reared in a prison, and has been a keeper of prisoners for forty-five years.

—Mr. SPURGEON is said to be quite willing to accept a nomination for Parliament from Lambeth. Indeed, he is a little anxious to do so.

—New England grows very old people. A late copy of the Fitchburg *Sentinel* contains an obituary notice of the Rev. Father JAMES A. M'EVOY, of that place, who died recently at the age of one hundred and eleven years.—Mr. JOHN S. MORSE, of West Amesbury, aged ninety-three, was in Newburyport lately, having driven in with his carriage, apparently as hale as a youngster of sixty.—Father CLEVELAND, of Boston, whose decease was alluded to in a recent issue of the *Weekly*, was the oldest person in that city, and probably one of the oldest clergymen in the world. Few men have ever lived who witnessed more remarkable changes in the physical condition of the earth than he.

—The Hon. ANDREW STEWART, of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, has made a noble endowment for the benefit of the children of the Uniontown Soldiers' Orphan School—viz., the interest of $10,000, to be distributed among the children who leave the school at the age of sixteen, according to merit and scholarship. During this year about thirty will become recipients of the fund. Mr. STEWART, who is now eighty, was elected to Congress in 1821, and at various times between that and 1847 served sixteen years.

—Mr. GEORGE BARRELL, of Detroit, having become disappointed in a matrimonial engagement, committed suicide. He could not bear the thought of remaining a single Barrell.

—Father STYLES, of Prescott, Wisconsin, has tallied one hundred and seven on life's score, and Styles himself the oldest living Mason, having first felt the "cable-tow" in the year of grace 1797.

—Mr. DELANE, managing editor of the London *Times*, said, recently, "I can find any number of men to write for me, but very seldom one man of common-sense." To write for a paper is one thing; to edit it is another. Historians, poets, essayists write well; but papers need men who can select, alter, combine, and fashion matter to suit an audience composed of varied elements. How few there are who appreciate the responsibility and labor of preparing a paper like *Harper's Weekly*, each number of which is probably read by from eight hundred thousand to a million of persons!

—Ex-Governor BROWN, of Georgia, offers to be one of fifty to give $1000 for the endowment of Oglethorpe College at Atlanta.

—SETH GREEN, our great man in the finny way, has received from the French Minister of Agriculture a valuable gold medal in token of his merit as a pisciculturist. Moreover, the Frenchman has invited SETH G. to visit France.

—Mr. HATCH, formerly Mayor of Cincinnati, Ohio, having determined upon being strictly private for as long a time as the whim is upon him, has bought a little patch of ground—7000 acres—in St. Vincent, Florida, and thither hied himself to hide himself from the noise and impertinences of the world and interviewers. There he hunteth, fisheth, readeth, and maketh it hot for those who presume to interfere with his seclusion.

—STEPHEN SALISBURY, of Worcester, has given $40,000 to the Free Institute of Industrial Sciences to found chairs of English and modern languages.

—Signor VERDI is to be raised to the rank of Senator of Italy on the recommendation of the Minister of Public Instruction. Musical composers have in a few instances been knighted and made recipients of orders, but this is the first instance where one has been accorded the distinction supposed to be reserved for statesmanship.

—Cardinal ANTONELLI and the Grand Vizier of Turkey are said to be the only prime ministers in Europe who are not members of the Masonic fraternity.

—There have been many notices of the late Lord DALLING (HENRY BULWER), but none that has hit his character so exactly and gracefully as that of the London *Daily News*, which ascribes to him "rare suppleness and vigor of mind under a habitual disguise of indolence and indifference—the careless man of pleasure, yet a subtile and searching student of state system; a scholar who bore his learning with negligent grace; an economist without pedantry; a man of the world to whom nothing in human life seemed foreign or unusual. He was admired, but more feared, for gifts and powers which he dissembled rather than displayed; he could affect and enjoy the Oriental languor and apathy, but the sickly epicurean, with all his willful and wayward airs and graces, was only the mask of a resolute and enterprising Englishman." This is the most perfect description of a great diplomatist drawn for some time. It has all that felicity of phrase which Lord DALLING would be proud to have applied to him, and this is a great merit in eulogy. Lord DALLING had classic features, a highly nervous organization: for such a man to have yielded himself to the Oriental art of letting life glide by without letting the threads escape from his hands shows that he had the very genius of a diplomatist.

—As a matter of drapery, Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY makes the confident assertion that Mr. GREELEY'S dress would be considered quite elegant and fastidious by the side of Mr. GLADSTONE'S.

—The closing hours of Congress are always exciting, and sure to bring into play all the best qualities that should belong to the Speaker. Mr. BLAINE acquitted himself with his usual vigor and success. A contemporary says Mr. B. can be divided into three parts: brain, quickness, and gavel—and woe betide the infatuated member who tries conclusions with any one of the three parts of Mr. B. He will be astounded at the first, confounded at the second, and dumfounded at the last.

—If SHAKSPEARE is to be respected as a prophet, General GRANT is certain to be re-elected. In the fifth act and first scene of "Hamlet," in answer to the prince's question, "How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?" the clown answers, "Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year: *a tanner will last you nine year.*" Our present national tanner has lasted us only one term, and according to the divine WILLIAM is sure to keep sound for another.

—General BELKNAP'S address to the graduating class of cadets at West Point was unlike many of the addresses that have been delivered to the nascent warriors of that institution. In the first place, it was short; next, it was hearty and manly; and third, it gave in a form that was agreeable and sensible much sound advice to the young men who are henceforth to be part and parcel of our national defense. There is so entire an absence of pretense and sham in General BELKNAP, and he is so thoroughly imbued with common-sense, that it is a pleasure to hear him, as it is to see him, when he goes at that sort of thing.

—Count MOLTKE, emulous of the fame of Professors DAVIES, LOOMIS, and others who have prepared mathematical works, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is writing a manual of algebra.

—Perhaps the greatest dramatic success, pecuniarily, ever achieved was by SHERIDAN, whose translation of the "Death of Rolla," under the name of "Pizarro," brought him £5000 per week for five weeks.

—Professor TYNDALL, it is positively stated, has determined to deliver a course of scientific lectures in New York and other American cities.

—We have received from CHARLES H. PORTER, secretary of the Adams Academy at Quincy, Massachusetts, a circular which contains "personals" of no little interest. Among the Board of Managers, six in number, we find the names of CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS and JOSIAH P. QUINCY. In 1822 President JOHN ADAMS granted to the town of Quincy certain lands, the rents of which should support "a school for the Greek and Latin languages." From the accumulated income of these lands a school building has recently been erected that is believed to be surpassed by none in the country in adaptation to the purposes of education. This has been constructed, in accordance with directions of President ADAMS, "on the site of the house anciently built by the Rev. Mr. JOHN HANCOCK, the father of JOHN HANCOCK, that great, generous, disinterested, bountiful benefactor of his country, once President of Congress, and afterward Governor of this State, to whose great exertions and unlimited sacrifices this nation is so deeply indebted for independence and present prosperity, who was born in this house; and which house was afterward purchased and inhabited by the reverend, learned, ingenuous, and eloquent LEMUEL BRYANT, pastor of this congregation; which house was afterward purchased by and inhabited by an honorable friend of my younger years, Colonel JOSIAH QUINCY, and also inhabited by his son, JOSIAH QUINCY, Jun., a friend of my riper years, a brother barrister at law, with whom I have been engaged in many arduous contests at the bar, who was as ardent a patriot as any of his age, and, next to JAMES OTIS, the greatest orator." Of this school Professor WILLIAM R. DIMMOCK, long one of the masters of the Boston Latin School, and at present Professor of Greek in Williams College, has been appointed master.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE boiler of a steam-lighter exploded, June 24, off New London, Connecticut, killing three persons and wounding ten.

Many of the leading employers of labor in this city and Brooklyn held a meeting June 24, and resolved to employ no man who is unwilling to work from 7 A.M. until 6 P.M.

The "striking" sugar refiners have gone back to work, evidently disgusted with the failure of the movement.

The Democrats of Illinois and New Jersey held State Conventions June 26, and elected delegates to the National Convention at Baltimore.

The international ball at the Boston Coliseum, on the night of June 26, was a great success. It was estimated that 30,000 persons were present—among others President Grant and party.

Permission has been granted by the police to the Orange societies of New York city to parade July 12, subject to the act regulating street processions.

Judge David Davis has withdrawn as candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

An insurrection was attempted by the convicts in the Auburn State-prison June 27, but vigorous treatment by the authorities quelled the outbreak.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration on the *Alabama* claims reassembled June 25, remained in session two hours, and adjourned until the 27th, when they again met, and unanimously rejected the indirect claims.

The Prince of Wales opened a new museum at Bethnal Green June 24. Passing through London, on his way there, he was enthusiastically cheered by immense throngs of persons who assembled in the streets.

A very severe thunder-storm, with the most vivid lightning, visited London and various parts of England June 24. A great deal of property, including valuable crops, was destroyed, and many persons were injured, but fortunately no lives were lost.

The matter of the release of Dr. Houard has been satisfactorily arranged between the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs and our representative, General Sickles.

The amended Ballot bill passed to a third reading in the House of Lords June 25.

The bill proscribing the Jesuits in Germany has become a law, the Federal Council at Berlin having approved the amendments made by Parliament.

The Pope is severe in his denunciations of Prince Bismarck for his war upon the Jesuits. In a recent speech, referring to the German premier, he said: "Let us pray our Father in heaven that the stone may soon fall that will complete the overthrow of the Colossus."

Mayors of cities in Alsace and Lorraine have been ordered to prepare registers for a military levy in October next.

An international copyright treaty between Germany and Great Britain has been drafted at Berlin.

BRINGING THE THING HOME.—(Dedicated to the Baltimore Convention.)

"When the Rebellious Traitors are overwhelmed in the Field, and scattered like Leaves before an angry Wind, it must not be to return to *Peaceful and Contented Homes. They must find Poverty at their Fire-sides, and see Privation in the Anxious Eyes of Mothers and the Rags of Children.*"—*New York Tribune*, November 26, 1860.

AN EXTEMPORIZED DOLLY VARDEN.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

A ROUGH ESTIMATE.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD, FROM A SKETCH BY M. WOLFF.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE BRIDGE.

"Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," is a saw of great authority and acceptance, and yet we suspect that human experience, if appealed to generally, would reverse that saying. Surely it is at night, after some sort of meal, or drink, or even a pipe of tobacco, that our spirits fight against despondency, and we make the best of a "bad job," or, at all events, look forward to forgetting our troubles in sleep; whereas, on the other hand, when the blank day breaks, the full sense of our calamity is borne in upon us, and, like Miss Bella Wilfer, we wish that we were dead. At all events, on the morrow of his return to his old home Arthur Tyndall awoke far more dispirited and displeased with himself than he had yet been, and, early as it was, arose and dressed himself. For to lie in one's bed in the broad daylight, to think and think of the ruin that we have brought upon ourselves, or on the wrong we have done to others, is of all things the most intolerable.

Within-doors no one was stirring, but without the ancient gardener was already sweeping one of the gravel-walks, and bade his young master "good-morning," heartily.

"Foreign parts have not altered your ways of life, I see, Master Arthur," said he, approvingly; "for you was always an early riser, like your poor father before ye."

Yes; he had been an early riser, and at Swansdale especially, for a certain reason, which the sight of Old Giles recalled to his mind with a sharp pain. Often and often had he come upon the old man when, with rod and basket, he had gone forth from the Hall at that very hour—not to fish, but to pretend to fish from the river-side path that led to the *Welcome*. It was not unlikely even that Giles knew that he had done so, for, though no one in the village was aware of how far matters once had gone between "Master Arthur" and "Jenny," there was a shrewd suspicion abroad that they were not indifferent to one another. How unchanged seemed every object that met his gaze since those palmy days of adolescence and first love: unsettled and doubtful days, indeed, but days of promise! How gloriously the tall trees sparkled with dew! How freshly rose the incense from the flower beds! In the winding shrubbery—"wilderness" it used to be called, but to his traveled eyes, accustomed to the wild luxuriance of nature, it seemed garden like the rest—how joyously sang the birds! There was the little wicket-gate to which she had once been so rash as to accompany him on his way back, and where they had parted with a whispered farewell: he had leaned upon it, and watched her trip homeward along the dewy fields, and when she turned and smiled (for he knew that she was smiling, since she had her face toward *him*), he had smiled too and kissed his hand. He leaned upon it now, and gazed upon the vacant fields with an aching heart.

But why had it not ached before, when absent from her? And why had it not yearned on his return to England to clasp her in his arms—as it did now? Why had his love smouldered so low that he had thought it cold and burned out? And now, when it was too late, why, merely at the sight of her, had it flamed up anew so fiercely that it threatened to consume him? Had he deceived himself, and, loving her all along, persuaded himself—being tempted so to do by material advantage—that he no longer loved her? No! If he had come back yesterday and found her exactly as he had left her, "a simple maiden in her flower," he could have borne to look upon her, with remorseful eyes, perhaps, but with steadfast ones. He had made up his mind to do so. He had been bound by no promise to do otherwise; she herself had told him that what had happened was likely to happen; necessity (induced by his own act, but still necessity) had compelled him to the course he had taken. Of course he had been inconsistent: woman is weak, illogical, and (very) contradictory, but there is no bound to the inconsistency of man. The most faithful forget their allegiance; the bravest become cowards. Picton himself was convicted of participation in an act which men of ordinary courage would die rather than have committed. Arthur, to do him justice, had given Jenny credit for the same readiness to forget and to forgive—to forget *him*, that is, and to forgive *herself*—as he had manifested toward her; or if that should not have been the case—if even she should still entertain some tenderness for him—she was such a very sensible girl (this was how the poor wretch had argued) that, so soon as she heard of his engagement to another, she would at once dismiss him from her heart—as a traitor, perhaps; yet if so, so much the better for her. But what if she thought him a traitor, and still had not dismissed him from her heart?

Her air had been grave and cold; she had refused to hear what he had to say for himself; she had treated the idea of their meeting at the old trysting-place—though only to hear his excuses—with indignation and disdain; but he could not forget how, stung with the studied carelessness of his first salutation—"Why, Jenny, how you are grown!"—she had answered, as it seemed in spite of herself, "Yes; grown out of all knowledge." Throughout the rest of their brief interview she had been cold as snow; but that one sentence of reproach, forced from her, doubtless, by the sense of insult which his words had occasioned, still rang in his ears. And how beautiful and like a gentlewoman she had grown! and how, in comparison with her, had all other gentlewomen, such as his aunt, or Blanche (he would not even to himself say "or Helen"), dwindled into insignificance! She had been always far cleverer than himself, he knew; but what a divine wisdom seemed now to dwell in those glorious eyes, yet not unmixed with pity either, when she denied his prayer—such pity as the angel might have felt whose duty it had been to expel our first parents from the Gates of Paradise! And yet she was a woman too, for had she not trembled and changed color when he had denounced her refusal to let him write to her as having been the cause of their estrangement, and did not those signs betoken that she still loved him? He did not so much *still* love *her* (though all the old passion was revived within him) as love her *anew*, more fondly, more fiercely, than he had ever loved before; and in a few weeks he was pledged to wed, not her, but another!

The river-side path, that led to the lock as well as to the inn, lay before him, and he regarded it with wistful eyes. Should he take that, or the upper one, which led to the village church-yard, wherein stood his father's tomb, to visit which had been the object he had proposed to himself in going forth that morning? Something within him seemed to whisper that at whichever decision he should arrive, it would be final. As he hesitated there fell on his ear a splash of a pole in the water, and there glided by up stream a punt, with a fisherman in it, bound, doubtless, for the osier-nets that hung in the backwater behind the lock. This trifling circumstance decided him. If he *was* to meet Jenny, it was certainly advisable that there should be no possible witness to their interview; and he struck at once into the path that conducted to the church. It was the nearest way to the village, likewise, for all the water-side parishioners, running straight up through the meadows, and dipping midway into a hazel coppice, in which was a rustic bridge that spanned a little tributary of the river, but little frequented save on Sundays. The last time he had trodden it, it had been by his father's side to church, on the eve of his own departure for abroad. They had not been so cordial as father and son should be: there were faults on both sides: but now that the old man was beyond the reach of all amends, they seemed to have been on Arthur's only. And yet a few minutes ago he had been debating in his mind as to whether this little pilgrimage of piety should not be postponed, for—well, for what? For a mad attempt to throw himself in the way of temptation; for an appeal to Jenny's feelings, that would be worse than hopeless, since, even if it should have succeeded, nothing could have come of it but shame and ruin. He could not shut her from his thoughts on the way, or even when upon the hill-top he stood beside his father's grave. Why had the old man been so stern that confidence had never existed between them? How far nearer would he have now seemed to him had he been encouraged to disclose the secret wish of his young heart, even had it been denied him; but now death had divided them indeed. If Jack had died and been laid here, who had been privy to that early hope and to almost every thought and action of his life, how differently he would have felt!—a portion of his very self would then seem to be lying yonder, whereas, though this was his own flesh and blood, and the author of his being, it did not seem so. Suppose his father had given him permission to marry Jenny, and instead of becoming an exile from home and country, he had done so, and, filled with love and gratitude, had been his son indeed, with little children to climb the old man's knee, and—since a lonesome life is hurtful to health as well as heart—to win him, perhaps, from the very grave itself? This thought of what might have been was too much to bear, and he turned away almost abruptly from the grave-yard, and began to retrace his steps. Quick motion suited with his mood, and the way being down hill, he advanced very rapidly, with eyes fixed on the ground; so rapidly that, half-way through the copse, he came upon the narrow wooden bridge, and had his foot upon it before he perceived that it was already occupied by some one coming from the river-side. He looked up hastily, and lo, it was Jenny Renn!

She stood for an instant in the middle of the bridge, undecided whether to retreat or advance, and with her hand upon the side-rail—a picture and a poem in one—then came on slowly toward him.

"Jenny, Jenny!" cried Arthur, eagerly, holding out his both hands.

"My name is Alice Renn, Mr. Tyndall," was her cold reply.

"I thought that, seeing me from the river, you might have come to meet me," said he, imploringly.

"No. I was going to the church to practice on the organ, for I am the organist now."

The organist! Then he would hear her on Sunday, and every Sunday, from his pew, where he would be sitting with Helen. He would know she was behind the little curtain, looking down between its folds upon himself with scorn, upon his bride with pity.

"I have behaved very, very ill to you, Jenny," he began.

She stopped him with a quiet motion of her hand. "I do not say so, Mr. Tyndall; but if it is so, let me tell you this, that you behave worse in speaking of it." She was very pale, but her voice was very firm and resolute. As she stood erect upon the bridge, from which he had withdrawn to let her pass, she was taller than he; and he felt she was his superior every way.

"I will not confess my baseness, since you forbid me to do so, Jenny," said he, dejectedly; "but do not suppose that I am not punished for it. If you knew all, even though you could not love me any longer, you must needs pity me."

"If any misfortune has befallen you, I am indeed sorry," returned she—"very sorry."

"No misfortune, for I have brought it all upon myself—no misfortune, since, compared with that of which I may not speak, all ills that may happen to me are of small amount; but, for one thing, I am a ruined man."

"I thought so!" gasped the girl; not, however, like one who hears the worst. There was a certain tone of relief, nay, almost of exultation, in her ejaculation. "I thought so!" It seemed to say, "I thought that nothing but dire necessity could have compelled him to such conduct."—"Ruined, Mr. Tyndall!" she continued; "that is bad news indeed. A few weeks, however, as I understand, will retrieve your fallen fortunes." Her woman's heart could not refrain from giving him that stab; then, perceiving that she had wounded him to the quick, it melted within her. "Forgive me, Sir; I did not mean to pain you; far from it. Heaven knows I wish naught but good to you—to you and yours. But no more meetings such as this, I pray you." Here she sobbed most pitifully; and he sprang forward, as he would have done five years ago, to comfort her.

She thrust him from her with some force, and pointed toward the Hall. "Leave me, Sir. As you are a gentleman, I entreat you to leave me."

He obeyed her, but unwillingly; slowly, lingeringly, he went on his way, with many a look behind. She stood where she was, leaning against the bridge rail, and never turned her face toward him. Then presently, when she had recovered a little, she began to climb the hill, like one who carries on his shoulder a burden as great as he can bear. He felt that he must never speak to Jenny in *that* way—in the way he had attempted to speak to her—unless he could show a better right to do so; unless—well, unless, for one thing, three thousand pounds that he owed to Mr. Paul Jones should fall from the clouds. That Jenny loved him as dearly as ever he had now no doubt; her very dread of "such meetings as that" was a proof of it; and this conviction, though he knew it was basely selfish to do so, he welcomed in his secret heart. It was sweet to think that, for his sake, she had kept herself heart-whole through all those weary years, though, doubtless, she might have wedded a better man—Mr. Glyddon, for instance. Arthur had not forgotten the expression of the rector's countenance when he first met him on the lock-bridge. "Was it all really over?"—that old tenderness he used to have for Jenny—it had seemed to ask, and "was her heart free to receive a new tenant?"

Perhaps this was but a morbid fancy; but it was contrary to his experience that his ritualistic friend should go a-fishing, and in accordance with it that he might be pretending to fish. Even if it was so, "would it not be well for Jenny?" was an idea that did not occur to him. She seemed to be too good for any body, even for himself; but if she were his own, he would at least appreciate her as no other man could do. Cruelly, faithlessly, as he had behaved to her, he would make amends for all, if once she were his. He was giving himself up to that intoxicating thought—as to those dreams of banquets when starving on the barren sea—when suddenly the breakfast gong sounded from the Hall, and through the trees he saw his Helen waiting, eager-eyed, to greet him on the lawn.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CONSIDERATE CHALLENGE.

For the next few days Helen could no more complain of her lover being preoccupied and *distrait*: he was feverishly gay. Since thought oppressed him, he put it from him altogether—that is, in company, and when it was possible to do so. He talked small-talk to Mrs. Somers, discussed old times with Blanche and her mother, rattled on with Helen, though avoiding the tender subject to which she would have led him, rallied Allardyce on his cynicism, and joined in "making hay" of Paul Jones, and all the time was scarcely aware of what he was saying or of what was said to him in return. To Adair and Uncle Magus he spoke but little; the former knew too well what he was thinking about—what he was trying not to think about—and there was always a chance of his recurring to that painful topic. The latter required to be listened to, and Arthur could not listen, could scarce endure a pause. Thus it happened, though playing well his part as host—except that he somewhat overacted it—he was in reality in ignorance of what was going on under his own roof. He did not know—perhaps, so far as he himself was concerned, he would not much have cared—that Allardyce's manner toward Helen had become earnest at all times, and sympathetically confidential when opportunity served: so much so that even charitable Mrs. Tyndall had pronounced it to be "objectionable," and simple Mrs. Somers "too marked." He did not observe that, for some reason or other, Mr. Paul Jones was exquisitely uncomfortable, that Uncle Magus was stiffer in his manner than usual, and that Jack Adair was unusually grave and silent. He took no interest in any thing about him, with one exception. He hailed the coming of night, because it brought with it the excitement of the gaming-table; the chances it did not bring, for there never came one turn of luck in his favor.

Night after night, up in the smoking-room, the cards were brought out, and three men sat down to play, and one looked on, and puffed at his huge meerschaum pipe as though keeping it alight was the whole object he had upon his mind. There was nothing new in the result of this amusement, but the stakes were higher, and the I O U's, with Arthur Tyndall's autograph attached to them, more numerous and for heavier figures than they had ever been. Irritated by ill fortune, urged by the desire to retrieve it, and thirsting more than usual for excitement, Arthur had once proposed to play in the daytime, but to this the others would not accede. "What *would* the ladies say" (who had no idea that they played at all, or, if they did, supposed it to be a quiet rubber of whist) "if they should desert their company for cards?"

The Hon. Wynn Allardyce was quite shocked at the idea of such a solecism in good manners. Of course, if the ladies had not been in the house, he would have been charmed to play. All hours and days were alike to him: in daylight one's head was clearer and better for that which he frankly owned was the great business and pleasure of his life; but as to behaving rudely toward the fair sex, he was quite incapable of it. Without Allardyce loo was impossible, so nothing more was said about it; and Arthur was compelled to wait for "his revenge" till evening, when he lost a thousand pounds before midnight.

"That will do, gentlemen," said he, with a bitter laugh; "I am obliged to you;" and, rising from the table, he wrote a memorandum of the amount, which Mr. Paul Jones added to the collection in his pocket-book.

When a man has lost heavily it is not wise to trouble him with questions, or else more than one of his hearers would have liked to ask him why he was "obliged" to these fortunate antagonists of his for easing him of another thousand pounds.

"I don't like Tyndall's form," observed Allardyce to Jones, as they parted soon afterward at the door of the former's chamber. "I'd sooner he was restive, and even downright savage with us, than that he should take this grimly humorous turn."

"I don't think we shall get much more out of that quarter, myself," assented Jones.

"Here, just step in a minute," said the other. Then, when the room door was shut, "There is not much more to get, Paul. My fear is that we may never realize those little securities of which we are already possessed."

"They are as good as gold, my good Sir," returned Mr. Paul Jones, confidently. "That girl of his will do any thing for him, and she will have thirty 'thou.' in ready money."

"But suppose he doesn't marry the girl?"

"Not marry her? Oh, but he must. It would be deuced dishonorable—I mean to *us*—if he didn't. Besides, she is so spooney on him that she would never let him off, even if he wished it. Why do you look like that? You don't mean to say, Lardy, that you are so infernally selfish as to be up to any tricks in that quarter? Upon my soul, if I thought you were capable of such folly, I'd—"

"Don't threaten, Paul," returned the other, coolly; "it's a part you are not fitted to play, at least with *me*. I can easily believe, however, that it would make you very angry if I carried off this Helen from her Menelaus."

"You may, for all I care—when he has married her," replied Jones, brutally.

"Exactly so; when he has married and settled—his debts. But suppose, instead of marrying the girl, he were to blow his brains out?"

"Don't talk of such things," remonstrated the other, with a shiver; "I hate them. What do you mean, Lardy?"

"I mean," said Allardyce, gravely, "that in my opinion it is even betting that Tyndall puts himself out of the way to-night. You heard what he said—'That will do, gentlemen; I am obliged to you.' Why should he be obliged to us for winning more than ever of him? It may be only a coincidence, but those were the very words that Charles Sloper used at the hazard-table at Newmarket before he made his hole in the water. What *he* meant was that he was thankful to have his mind made up for him at last by losing more money than it was possible for him to pay. Those bitter jests are a bad sign in a fellow like Tyndall, and I tell you I don't like his form."

"I wish we were well out of this house," observed Mr. Paul Jones, hoarsely, and turning very pale.

"With all our assets realized? So do I, begad! How much have you in all?"

"I have four thousand eight hundred pounds in 'I O U's.' If we get cash for them, we shall have cleared nearly four thousand pounds each out of this little speculation."

"And we *shall* clear it, never fear, Paul," said Allardyce, confidently, "if only Tyndall lives. Don't fear, man. How white you look! You were out of sorts at dinner to-day, I noticed, and didn't take your wine. You took enough of it yesterday, however, to last for twice."

"Yes, I took too much. When a fellow has taken too much, he ain't answerable for his actions, is he?"

"I should be sorry to say that, Paul; a good many fellows who have paid us money might have got off on that plea."

"Well, not for his words, at all events?"

"What the devil are you driving at?" exclaimed Allardyce, savagely. "You have not been telling things in your cups, have you? If you have said one word to my discredit, drunk or sober; if you have dared to peach on *me* in any maudlin fit, I'll—" He had him by the cravat by this time, and his hold was tightening in it.

"Be quiet, Lardy. I've never said a word about you," gasped the other; "I'd not be such a fool."

"Gad, you're right there, Sir. You'd be a fool indeed to try to drag Wynn Allardyce down with you because you felt yourself falling. I'd make short work with *you*, if nothing else was left me to do."

"I didn't say you wouldn't," said Jones, sulkily; "but I do say it's cursed ungrateful of you to talk so. Don't I take all the risk? Wasn't the order to Darwin written by me, and isn't it I who have the odium of winning all this money, which is afterward to be divided between us?

Why, if there was a row here to-morrow, what, with your ignorance of this, and your never dreaming of that, and your being own brother to a viscount, you'd prove yourself as immaculate as the driven snow."

"If I didn't, it would be your fault, Paul; and thence, believe me, your misfortune."

"That's right; threaten again. That's the way to make friends."

"It's the way to *keep* friends with some people, Paul. It is often wondered at why we go through the world like Damon and Pythias. 'How can you put up with that low fellow, Paul Jones?' says one. I only laugh and shrug my shoulders; but I could tell them the reason if I chose. 'There is the bond between us of a common interest.' Another says, 'How can you trust that slippery beggar, the Pirate?' My answer would do you good to hear it: 'I have the most perfect confidence in Paul.' There is no occasion to add this reason, which I may state, however, in confidence to yourself: 'I trust him because he has a knowledge of my own character, and very well understands that if he deceived me—or betrayed me, which is the same thing—I'd have his heart's blood.' You are a very clever fellow, Paul; but you lack what our friend Tyndall and *his* dear friend Adair, and any number of dull-witted fellows I could name to you, possess in plenty: you've got no pluck—at least when you're sober, for, I am bound to say, you are impudent enough when the wine is in you: the manner in which you went in at old Magus yesterday, for example, beat cock-fighting at Dudley Woodside. Well, that puts you at a disadvantage. You can't act independently; you are obliged to employ a bully."

"That's you," growled Mr. Jones.

"I know it, my dear Paul. If a man were to say, 'Your friend Jones cheats at cards, I'd have him out at twelve paces."

"Pooh, pooh! nobody fights duels nowadays."

"Don't be so sure of that, Paul. At all events, I'm ready to do so, and men know it. Now I suppose you'd rather lose a thousand pounds than face a pistol. I'd give half the money down to see you at it: '*Are you ready, Mr. Jones?*'—'*No, I'm not ready—far from it.*' Lor, what fun! And yet it would be the very best thing in the world for your reputation; and it would make a gentleman and a man of honor of you for life."

"I'd rather be as I am," said Mr. Paul Jones, naïvely. "If you've quite done threatening and boasting, I'll go to bed."

"Boasting! nay, there was no need to boast of what I would do in case you played me false, for you must have known it in your poor little timorous heart years and years ago. The very idea of your doing so made me wild, that's all. Forgive me, Paul, and good-night. If you hear a shot before morning, lie still and keep your head under the clothes. It won't be robbers; and yet it will mean to you and me that we have lost two thousand four hundred pounds apiece."

This thought was not an agreeable one to go to bed upon, but it was not the most disturbing reflection that agitated Mr. Jones's breast that night. No sooner had he reached his own room and locked the door than an expression of hopeless agony took the place of that of discomfort and uneasiness which had characterized his physiognomy throughout the day, and he sank down in a chair like some malefactor, who, from weakness or terror, is "accommodated with a seat" upon the scaffold.

"What a hard-hearted, ungrateful, selfish villain he is!" groaned Mr. Paul Jones. "If ever there was an opportunity for a man to prove himself a friend—that is," added he, hastily, "'a friend' in a good sense, not an abettor of a murder—there was one offered to Allardyce to-night; but he is a mere heartless, merciless cynic. Instead of doing his best to get me out of the scrape, he'd foment the quarrel; if I intrusted him with an apology, he'd make it an insult—a second insult. Oh dear me! To whom am I to turn for help against this Fire-eater, this Blood-sucker, this Vampire in human form?"

Mr. Paul Jones wrung his hands—a very mournful peal—and then took from his pocket such a letter as you seldom see in these degenerate days. It had no envelope, but was formed of an immense sheet of paper, folded squarely, and fastened by a seal of gigantic proportions, bearing the impression of a coat of arms. If the Queen in council had decided upon making Mr. Paul Jones Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, or Speaker of the House of Commons, it is probable she would have addressed to him some such document, and sealed it with some such seal. The communication, however, came from Uncle Magus, and had been delivered by that gentleman's own hands that very morning, in the Box-tree Walk, in stately silence, but with every formality that the occasion demanded; and thus ran its contents, or thus they walked, rather, in punctilious and high-flown style, as though each word was dancing a minuet:

"THE COTTAGE, SWANSDALE.

"SIR,—I am quite aware of the impropriety of addressing you personally upon the subject hereafter to be mentioned, but unhappily I have no choice. It is even possible that the affair in question may have to be brought to a conclusion altogether without the intervention of a third person. Such a case, however, it may be some satisfaction to you to learn, is not wholly without precedent. In A.D. 1613, the Lord Bruce and Sir Edward Sackville fought with short swords at Tergoso, a town in Zealand, without seconds, though it is true each had his surgeon, who might be considered as such. The affair was exceptional in many respects, such as their fighting ankle-deep in water in their shirts, and with the mutual understanding that one at least should leave his life upon the field; but, from the rank and honor of the combatants, this encounter has been always placed among just and legitimate duellos. It is impossible, Sir, as you will easily perceive, for one situated as I am to secure the services of a friend in this delicate matter: I have (alas!) no friends, save one—my nephew; himself too nearly connected with the subject of our quarrel to be applied to under any circumstances; and though I have no manner of objection to your coming to the Releager (or place of meeting) attended by a friend, it will probably be more consonant with your feelings to waive that advantage, and go through with the affair, like your antagonist, alone. Moreover, this course recommends itself upon the ground that a little secret of this sort is only too apt to leak out, which in these days often results in the disappointment to both parties, and the adjournment of the meeting *sine die*, if not to its being put a stop to altogether. In our case, indeed, this last mishap is rendered impossible; for, as I have already had the honor to tell you, nothing but your blood can wipe out the insult that has been put upon my house by you, nor shall any length of time or distance of place prevent my procuring satisfaction for it. Should a man refuse me what is my due under such circumstances, I would pistol him wherever I met him, and should make it my business to meet him at an early opportunity. I am well convinced, however, that such a menace is out of place in your case, who, I doubt not—notwithstanding your conduct when overtaken with wine—are a gentleman of the nicest honor. At the same time, I do not conceal from myself that your age—for, compared with myself, you are still young—and the mode of life in which you have been brought up may have rendered you ignorant, not, indeed, of the demands of honor, which are common, I hope, to all ages and all times, but of those details of conduct which were once familiar to every gentleman in connection with the duello, and (what is of even more consequence) of those precautions which it is well to take before proceeding to the Releager. Fortunately, however, I have made the subject my study, and beg, Sir, to forward you certain memoranda—the results of a long experience—which may be of use to you, and tend to place us on a more equal footing. I take it for granted that the pistol is your weapon—though any other" ("The umbrella," was the brilliant thought that flashed upon Mr. Jones's mind upon the first reading of this epistle, but the context robbed him of that consolatory idea)—"though any other among *the recognized arms of the duello* is equally familiar to me. Accordingly, I beg to inclose certain extracts from my manuscript notes having relation to that arm, together with some hints of a general nature, and beg to subscribe myself, yours obediently and to command,

DANVERS TYRONE MAGUS.

"P.S.—I have only to add that, though any hour or place is the same to me, I would venture to suggest to you, as a stranger, that at early morning there is seldom any one stirring in the neighborhood of Swansdale Church-yard, and that the small common to which it is contiguous has always struck me as being peculiarly well adapted for such a meeting as we have in view."

"What a cold-blooded, calculating, murderous old devil it is!" ejaculated Mr. Paul Jones; "and how he sets all law and morality at defiance! He'll 'make it his business,' he says—and, I don't doubt, his pleasure too—if I don't consent to meet him, to pistol me at the earliest opportunity. Why, that's downright murder; and yet the worst of it is, nobody except myself would believe him capable of it. I'd swear the peace against him; but what's the good of binding a man over not to shoot you for six months who is resolutely determined to do it on the seventh! What have *I* done?" cried Mr. Jones, looking pitifully about him, and appealing, in default of an audience of his fellow-creatures, to various articles of bedroom furniture—"what have *I* done to make me the subject of this old ruffian's vengeance? Nothing, absolutely nothing, beyond mentioning within his hearing after dinner yesterday the indisputable fact that Tyndall was going to marry for money.

"'Did I understand you to state, Sir, that my nephew Arthur was about to contract matrimony from mercenary motives?' was what the old beggar said: whereupon, little knowing what he was driving at, and, indeed, not thinking of any thing very much besides how good the claret had been, I replied, 'Most certainly, old gentleman, your nephew Arthur put himself up to auction in the matrimonial mart, and has fetched a most uncommonly good price. And quite right too,' I added, hastily, for I never saw an old gent look more vicious; but *that* didn't smooth his fur down, not a bit, but seemed rather to rub it the wrong way.

"'You shall repent this, as sure as you're a living man,' cried he, and he looked like a turkey-cock. And then he comes to me this morning while I was smoking my cigar in peace and innocence, and puts this cartel (as he calls it) into my hand—I'd ten times sooner it had been a writ—and then retires in silence and complete armor (as it seemed), like the ghost in 'Hamlet.' As for his giving me hints on the etiquette of the duello, and suggesting precautions against his own murderous designs, that seems to me the worst of it all, because it shows his implacability of purpose. He's mad, of course—a criminal lunatic broken out of a medieval asylum, but that makes him all the more dangerous. If he was a sensible man, I'd give him a thousand pounds, and square it that way; but no reasonable being could ever write such stuff as this:

"'*It is advisable that on the night before a gentleman has an affair of honor on hand he should carefully avoid drinking to excess, or taking any food that tends to create bile, and especially to keep his mind from dwelling upon the coming encounter.*'—Was ever any suggestion so preposterous?" commented Mr. Paul Jones. "For who *could* avoid drinking to excess with such a horrid morning's work before him, or, if he did, how could he possibly fix his mind upon any thing else? As to taking any food to create bile, I'm sure I've felt all to-day as though it would have choked me to swallow so much as a slice of bread-and-butter. To read this fellow, one would think that the fact of a duel on hand whetted the appetite like a bloater.

"'*To eat a hearty breakfast is wrong*,' says he. '*I am not one of those who subscribe to the opinion that it is as well for a man to fill his stomach on such occasions. Let him drink a cup of coffee and take a biscuit with it directly he rises; then, in washing his face, attend to bathing his eyes well with cold water. If in the habit of wearing flannel next his skin*'"—Mr. Jones mechanically thrust a finger in the interstices of his shirt-front, and turned paler than ever—"'*he should omit putting it on. Wounds comparatively trifling*'—What a demon! what a murderous, mocking, remorseless fiend!" muttered the commentator—"'*have often become dangerous from pieces of flannel being carried into them; but in other matters let him make no change in his usual habits. If he smokes, let him take a cigar; and, if a married man, avoid disturbing his wife and children. About six in the morning is the best time for meeting in the summer.*'—And the immediate vicinity of a church-yard the most convenient spot!" groaned Mr. Jones: "this is horror upon horror indeed!—'*He should himself observe that the pistol-case is furnished with every necessary, instances having occurred more than once of the pistols being left behind in the confusion of starting, subjecting the parties, of course, to much inconvenience and ridicule.*'—I don't see the inconvenience, and I could survive the ridicule," muttered Mr. Jones. "But there would be no hope of that sort; this old devil will doubtless have a whole armory of pistols.—'*The period most trying to a duelist is doubtless from the time the word "ready" is given until the handkerchief drops.*'—I won't read any more," cried Mr. Jones, passing *his* handkerchief over his forehead, which was in a state of profuse perspiration. "I feel ready to 'drop' myself. If Allardyce were worth a pinch of salt— But, ah! I have it!" A gleam of hope stole over his pallid face: he unlocked and softly opened his door, then retraced his way stealthily along the passage toward the smoking-room. "If he is not there," he muttered, "I will go to his bedroom. It's a matter of life and death."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ANOTHER gap in the ranks of American students and patrons of natural history has been made by the death of Mr. ROBERT SWIFT. This gentleman was born in Philadelphia in 1796, and studied law for a short time in his native city, but subsequently was engaged in mercantile affairs. In about the year 1824 he went to Laguayra, and several years later removed to Porto Cabello, where he resided as agent of the Bolivar Mining Association. In 1835 Mr. SWIFT established himself at St. Thomas, where he continued in business, as a merchant, until his retirement, in 1866, when he removed to Philadelphia; but finding the climate unsuitable, returned to St. Thomas in October, 1867, remaining there until his death, on the 5th of May, 1872, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Mr. SWIFT, at an early period of his residence in Venezuela, acquired a taste for natural history, and commenced the collection and study of the mollusca, which he pursued with increasing interest to the end of his life. In 1852 he became acquainted, in the United States, with the late Professor C. B. ADAMS, who contemplated another visit to the West Indies (he had already been in Jamaica, and also at Panama), and invited by Mr. SWIFT, went to St. Thomas as his guest, where he died in 1853.

From that period, more especially, Mr. SWIFT became greatly interested in the subject of the geographical distribution of the mollusca in the West Indies. In correspondence with conchologists in the islands and elsewhere, Mr. SWIFT, by purchase, exchange, and collecting personally, became possessed of an extremely valuable cabinet. Always liberal and hospitable, he did much to aid and encourage others of similar scientific tastes.

His friend and intimate correspondent for upward of twenty years, Mr. THOMAS BLAND, of New York, in his various publications on the geographical distribution of terrestrial mollusca in the West Indies, gratefully acknowledges his obligations to Mr. SWIFT.

In March, 1863, Mr. SWIFT published a book of (marine) "Researches of the Virgin Islands," and took great interest in the preparation and publication, by his friend M'HENRY KREBS, of a catalogue of the marine shells of the West Indies. With the view of better determining the ornithology of St. Thomas and Porto Rico, Mr. SWIFT, about the year 1865, employed a native collector in gathering an extensive series of specimens, which he presented to the Smithsonian Institution, and which was made the basis of a systematic report by Dr. BRYANT, of Boston, who himself subsequently fell a victim to his zeal for science in the last-mentioned island.

Mr. SWIFT was, we believe, a contributor to the fund raised in his native city for the purchase, in behalf of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, of the MORTON collection of skulls; and we learn that his valuable cabinet of shells, now the property of his only daughter, will be by her presented to the same institution.

The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London has recently been presented to Signor SCHIAPARELLI, for his remarkable discoveries in meteoric astronomy. His study of this subject received a great impulse from his observations of the meteors which fell on the nights of August 9, 10, and 11, 1866, and he was then confirmed in the opinion, expressed three years before, that a great number of the meteors which usually fall at that season are distinguished by their starting from one point in the heavens, which is called their radiant point. From the spasmodic manner in which they fall, he inferred that their distribution in space must be very unequal; and from the fact that there are many radiant points, and that the meteors coming from any one radiant always present the same color and appearance, he concluded that there must be many rings of them revolving around the sun, and that they become visible when the earth crosses their orbits.

He then proceeded to inquire how such a mass of cosmical matter could have accumulated in the solar system. This system seems to consist of two classes of bodies. First, the planets, all of which move in the same direction, and in nearly circular orbits, situated in almost the same plane—these characteristics applying also to the satellites, with the exception of those of Uranus. Second, cometary bodies, which are under no law as to the planes of their orbits or the direction of their motions. These orbits are extremely elongated, and extend far into stellar space, which seems to indicate that they did not originally form part of our system, but are wandering nebulæ picked up by the sun. Reflecting on this view of the case, Signor SCHIAPARELLI was led to the hypothesis that large portions of the celestial spaces are probably occupied by small particles of matter, forming cosmical clouds, whose motions may be similar to those of the stars. He then showed that if such a cloud were to come within the attractive influence of the sun, under favorable circumstances, it would become a permanent member of the solar system, and would gradually be drawn into the form of a cylinder, which would continually lengthen till its two ends should meet; and it would be thus converted into a stream of particles flowing around the sun in an elliptical orbit. There are many of these streams in the solar system, but the particles composing them are so widely separated that their orbits may cross each other without interruption. When the earth encounters one of these streams, such of the particles as happen to pass through our atmosphere take fire from the friction generated by their own motion, and become visible as meteors, or *falling-stars*—for such, in truth, they are, as they come from the stellar regions. They have the same relations to comets that asteroids have to planets; in both cases their small size is compensated for by their greater number.

It is almost certain that falling-stars, meteors, and aerolites differ in size only, and not in composition. Hence we presume that they are an example of the materials of the universe; and as they contain no elements foreign to those of the earth, we may infer the similarity of composition in the whole universe—a fact already suggested by the revelations of the spectroscope.

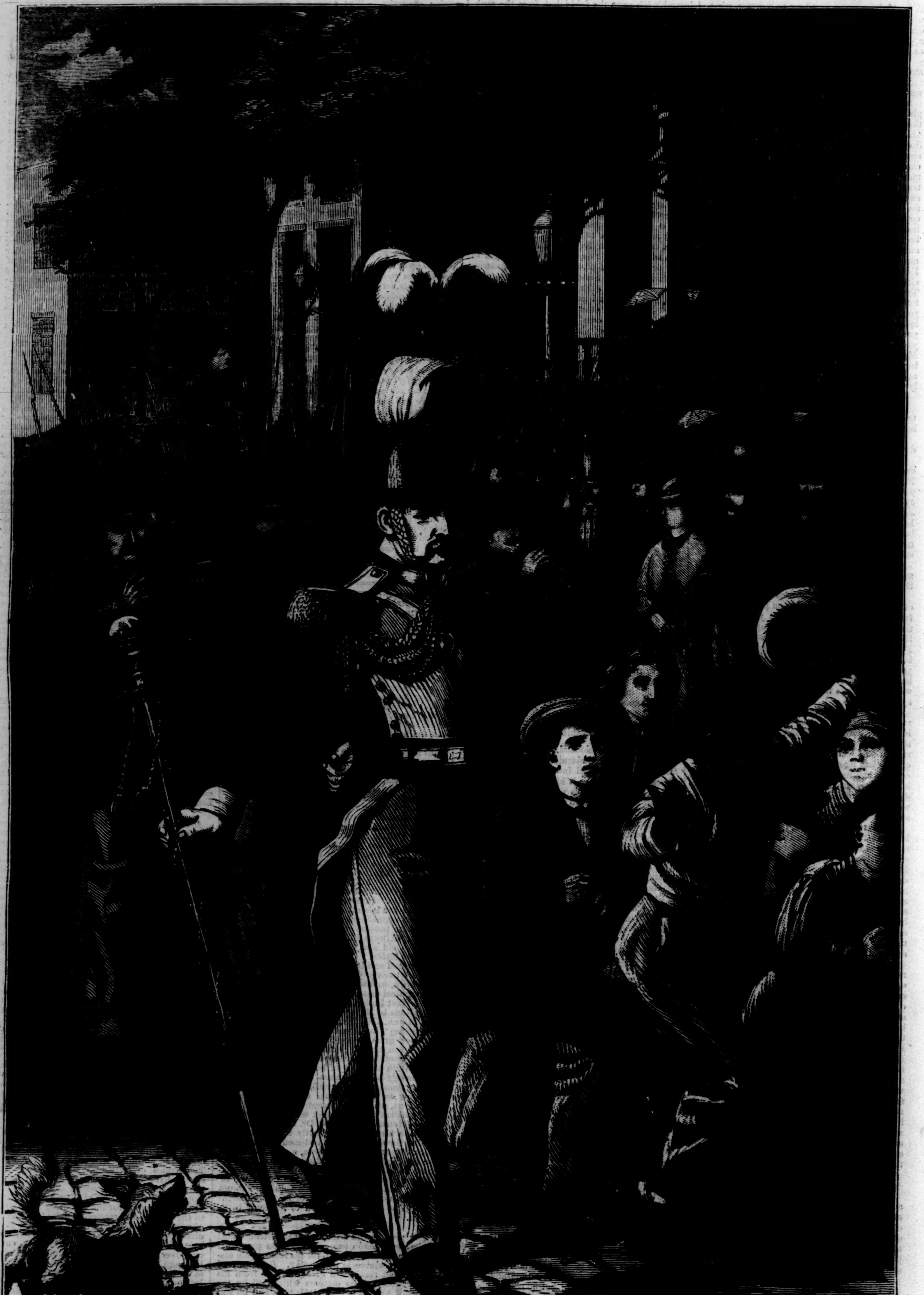
Finally, to put beyond all question the intimate relation existing between comets and meteorites, Signor SCHIAPARELLI has discovered that the orbit of the August meteors is identical with that of Comet II., 1862; and that the orbit of the November meteors is identical with that of Comet I., 1866, thus rendering it very probable that these comets were only highly condensed portions of the meteoric rings. Signor SCHIAPARELLI concludes his last memoir with the following remarkable words: "Must we regard these falling-stars as swarms of small comets, or rather as the product of the dissolution of so many great comets? I dare make no reply to such a question."

The Russian corvette *Witjas*, of nine guns, has lately made quite an interesting voyage. She passed from the Bay Islands in Upolu, of the Navigator group, through the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and its many clusters of islands, directly to Nangasaki in Japan, and in her course entered many almost or entirely unknown bays. Among these was one in New Guinea, where no European had ever been before, and where the inhabitants do not know the use of iron, and are cannibals. Captain NASIMOW gave to the bay the name of "Bay of the Grand Duke Constantine."

A correspondent of the *Weekly*, writing from Hot Springs, Arkansas, on the 6th of May last, communicates the very interesting intelligence that for two seasons past shad have been captured in the Washita River in such abundance as to furnish an important article of food to the people of the neighborhood. No statement is given as to whether these fish are from shad purposely introduced into the river, or whether they made their way there spontaneously from the Gulf. The Washita, as our readers may be aware, is a tributary of Red River, and is navigable within forty miles of Hot Springs, a locality about fifty-five miles southwest from Little Rock.

In an article in the June number of the *American Naturalist* Professor TENNEY announces the interesting fact that the jumping-mouse (*Jaculus hudsonius*) hibernates during the winter, in the manner of various well-known species of mammals. His attention was drawn to this fact by discovering an individual of this species coiled up in the earth while making an excavation during the past winter in an Indian mound. Although he at first supposed it to be entirely dead, he discovered that on warming the animal it gradually became active, and that it was thrown back into its winter sleep by exposure to cold. The experiment was repeated a number of times in succession, always with the same result.

It is a long time since we have had occasion to record so large a number of deaths in the ranks of American naturalists as we have been obliged to chronicle within the last few weeks. The names of STIMPSON, CURTIS, SWIFT, and others have already been mentioned; and to the list must now be added the name of Mr. COLEMAN T. ROBINSON, of New York, a gentleman well known for the attention he has paid to the subject of American lepidoptera. A man of wealth, and able to gratify his tastes in this direction, he acquired, by his own efforts and by purchase, a very extensive cabinet, embracing over twenty thousand specimens, which not long ago he presented to the American Museum of Natural History in the Central Park: a collection to which he proposed to devote a good deal of his time and attention in the future, and which purpose would probably have been realized but for his untimely end. Mr. ROBINSON published quite extensively upon American lepidoptera—a paper upon the sphinges of Cuba being perhaps the most important. In some of his labors he was associated with Mr. GROTE.



THE MIGHTY DRUM-MAJOR.—Drawn by Julian Scott.—[See Poem, Page 555.]

GRAFF'S HOUSE, WHERE JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

THE HOUSE WHERE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS WRITTEN.

IN the year 1825 THOMAS JEFFERSON, upon an inquiry by Dr. JAMES MEASE, of Philadelphia, where the original Declaration of Independence had been written, replied: "At the time of writing that instrument I lodged in the house of a Mr. GRAAF, a new brick house three stories high, of which I rented the second floor, consisting of a parlor and bedroom, ready furnished. In that parlor I wrote habitually, and in it wrote this paper particularly. So far I state from written proofs in my possession. The proprietor (GRAAF) was a young man, son of a German, and then newly married. I think he was a bricklayer, and that his house was on the south side of Market Street—probably between Seventh and Eighth streets—and if not the only house on that part of the street, I am sure there were few others near it. I have some idea that it was a corner house."

This information rendered the task of identifying the house easy. JACOB GRAFF, Jun. (erroneously spelled GRAAF by JEFFERSON), bricklayer, was the son of JACOB GRAFF, Sen., brickmaker. He bought in June, 1775, a lot at the southwest corner of Seventh and High (or Market) streets, in Philadelphia, and commenced a house thereon, which was finished in 1776. The entrance was by a door in the middle of the building, on Seventh Street, and there was no door on Market Street. Here, on the 23d of May, 1776, JEFFERSON took lodgings with GRAFF, occupying the whole of the second story, the front-room, facing on Market Street, being his parlor, and the back-room his bedroom. He paid for these accommodations thirty-five shillings per week, getting his meals generally out of the house, and frequently at the City Tavern, in Second, above Walnut Street, a place of much resort by members of Congress.

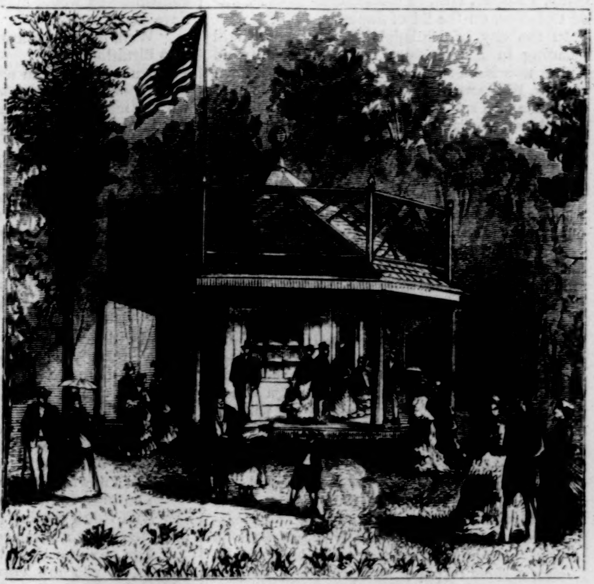
The old house at Seventh and Market streets is still standing. Seventy years ago it was changed for the purposes of a store, various alterations being made at different times to suit the necessity of tenants. The building at present is occupied by a trunk-maker, a publishing company, and a silver-plater, and to the ordinary passer-by presents nothing to remind him of the associations connected with its history.

MRS. ROSS AND THE FLAG COMMITTEE.

HOUSE WHERE THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG WAS MADE.

THE FIRST CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

On the 8th of July, 1776, according to legend, THOMAS JEFFERSON, with some other members of Congress, went to the residence of Dr. ENOCH EDWARDS, which was near the village of Frankford, in the County of Philadelphia. In a summer-house belonging to the mansion, and about 600 yards distant from the latter, these parties celebrated in a social manner the great event. Such is the legend handed down from owner to owner of the premises, and maintained by ancient inhabitants of the neighborhood. Dr. EDWARDS was, before the Revolution, a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly from Philadelphia County, and is said to have been a brother of JONATHAN EDWARDS the younger, eminent among American theological writers. JEFFERSON was a frequent visitor in Dr. EDWARDS's family, and is said to have been a relative—probably through the family of his mother, who was one of the Virginia RANDOLPHS, which was a large family of extensive connections. The old summer-house is still standing, and the mansion to which it belongs, an old-fashioned one, is peculiar from the fact that the basement and first story are of stone, while the second story is of wood. The place was formerly called Violet Hill, but is now known as Elm Hill, and the mansion, according to the present number, is situate at No. 4216 Frankford Avenue, and belongs to the estate of GEORGE F. WOMRATH, deceased. It is to be hoped that the people of Philadelphia will never consent to the destruction of this interesting memorial.



SUMMER-HOUSE WHERE INDEPENDENCE WAS FIRST CELEBRATED.

STUART'S STUDIO, WHERE THE WASHINGTON PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED.

GILBERT STUART'S STUDIO.

According to the statement of WILLIAM DUNLAP, in his "History of the Arts of Design in the United States," the famous painter, GILBERT STUART, who came to Philadelphia in 1794, ambitious to paint a portrait of WASHINGTON, lived, during the greater portion of his sojourn in Pennsylvania, at Germantown, now included in the Twenty-second Ward of the city of Philadelphia. His residence was in an old mansion, near which was a building originally of two stories, which had been erected for the purposes of a summer-house. In that building STUART established his studio, using the upper story for his painting-room, and the lower story as a place in which to mix his paints, etc. Here he painted the famous portrait of WASHINGTON, which is world-renowned. A portion of the building represented in our cut still remains. The upper portion was destroyed about fifteen years ago by fire. RICHARD WISTAR became the owner of the property upon which the summer-house stands, and preserved it, on account of its associations, during his lifetime. It is still standing in the garden of the mansion of WILLIAM ROTCH WISTAR, Esq.

THE FIRST STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

The flag of the United States, known as "the Stars and Stripes," was formally adopted by resolution of Congress, passed on the 14th of June, 1777, in these words:

"*Resolved*, That the flags of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

This flag was a modification of "the great Union flag" which was raised at the American

CARPENTERS' HALL.

camp, Prospect Hill, in compliment to the United Colonies, on the 2d of January, 1776.

In the city of Philadelphia, in a house still standing in Arch Street, between Second and Third, now No. 239, lived, in 1776, a lady known as Mrs. ELIZABETH ROSS, and afterward, in consequence of a subsequent marriage after a period of widowhood, as Mrs. CLAYPOOLE. Her maiden name was GRISCOM, and, according to the fashion of the times, she was called "BETSY."

BETSY GRISCOM had, before the Revolution, acquired some knowledge of the "upholder" trade, as it was then called—an occupation synonymous with that of the modern upholsterer—and at the time mentioned was carrying on business on her own account in her little shop. One day, probably between the 23d of May and the 7th of June, 1776, during which period WASHINGTON was in Philadelphia, there came to her the Commander-in-Chief, the Hon. GEORGE ROSS, and other gentlemen, members of Congress, who desired to know whether she could make them a flag according to a design which they would produce. She intimated her willingness to try. The design was for a flag of thirteen red and white stripes, alternate, with a union, blue in the field, spangled with thirteen six-pointed stars. Mrs. ROSS expressed her willingness to make the flag, but suggested that the stars would be more symmetrical and pleasing to the eye if made with five points, and she showed them how such a star could be made, by folding a sheet of paper and producing the pattern by a single cut. Her plan was approved, and she at once proceeded to make the flag, which was finished the next day. Mrs. ROSS was given the position of manufacturer of flags for the government, and for some years she was engaged in that occupation. The business descended to her children, and was carried on by her daughter CLARISSA CLAYPOOLE, who voluntarily relinquished it on becoming a member of the Society of Friends, lest her handiwork should be used in time of war.

CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

In the year 1724 the master-carpenters of Philadelphia organized an association for the purpose of obtaining instruction in the science of architecture and for mutual assistance, which was called the "Carpenters' Company." On the 5th of February, 1770, a building was commenced for the use of the society upon the rear end of a lot on the south side of Chestnut Street, between Third and Fourth, the approach to which was by a court, or open way, from Chestnut Street. When the first Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, in the year 1774, the State-house was occupied by the Assembly of Pennsylvania, which was then in session, and Carpenters' Hall, having a large room suitable for the meetings of a deliberative body, was chosen for that purpose. PEYTON RANDOLPH, of Virginia, was elected president; CHARLES THOMSON, of Pennsylvania, secretary; and on the 4th of September, 1774, the business of the Congress commenced. It was on the third day of this session that the Rev. JACOB DUCHÉ, rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's, delivered the "first prayer in Congress."

Our illustrations to this article are from photographs furnished by Mr. R. E. NEWELL, of Philadelphia.

LABURNUMS.

IN a shaded arbor in the garden of a pleasant country house on the Hudson a lady and gentleman are seated in close conversation. The lady is handsome and middle-aged, the gentleman handsome and young. In the rear of the arbor is a thick clump of laburnum-trees—in blossom now, for it is early June—and under their drooping branches is a rustic seat so perfectly screened from view that if it were occupied the fact would not be discernible by those in the arbor. It is the young man who is speaking, in a tone between amusement and incredulity:

"My dear aunt, the idea is absurd."

"Granted; but many absurd things are true, and so is this. The girl is so perfectly in love with you that she can not conceal it; indeed, I doubt if it has occurred to her to try. She starts and colors at the sound of your step; she turns pale when you speak to her, and trembles like a leaf if you happen to touch her hand. She sits dreaming for hours over the book you have chanced to praise, or the flower you have flung down. She would lie down and die with joy if she thought it would benefit you."

"But she is such a mere child, aunt—only sixteen, I think you said."

"True; but with these shy, bashful natures feeling often develops wonderfully early. Consciousness is a slower growth. They don't find out that they have any hearts till they have lost them."

There was a slight rustling among the laburnum leaves behind them, but both speakers were too much occupied to observe it. The lady, Mrs. Ellis, went on: "You must trust me in this, Harry, and let the poor girl alone hereafter."

"Let her alone, Aunt Selina! You don't think I have been intentionally playing with the child's feelings?"

"Of course not, Harry. I can see how it has been. She is perfectly unused to young men. Brought up among those semi-barbarians, I don't suppose she ever saw a gentleman in her life till she came here. You are a good-looking scamp, with a kind heart and a gay, taking way. She was sad and forlorn, and you pitied and tried to amuse her; and she was susceptible and dreamy, and did not understand."

Again that unnoticed rustle among the leaves. The young man's face expressed a whimsical distress. "Upon my word," he said, "I did not think I was such a dangerous sort of fellow. I sha'n't dare to speak to a girl for fear of what old Weller calls 'inadwertent captivation.' A pretty coxcomb you would make of me, if I were to believe you!"

"Well, let this be a warning to you not to fall into flirtation."

"Aunt Selina, you are unjust!" The young man spoke angrily now. "I have *not* flirted with Michal Lee. I have never offered her a word, a glance, or a sign which the wildest vanity could interpret into any thing of the kind. If I were mean enough for such trifling, I should seek more attractive game than a big gawky school-girl, with a yellow face and a figure like a dromedary, and who, poor child, has wept so much that she has not even the ordinary girlish charm of brightness. I am hurt that you should think so meanly of me, not only in point of feeling toward the girl herself, but in point of honor toward Edith Ray, whom you know I truly love."

"My dear Harry, I ask your pardon. I spoke jestingly; but do not think I have the slightest doubt of your honor or generous feeling. No one is to blame, unless it be myself, who should have seen the danger sooner, and guarded against it. But the question now is how to repair the evil. How are we to cure this poor child of her folly, yet spare her delicacy the shock of knowing we have discovered it?"

"You must send me away at once."

"And Edith coming next week? That is almost too great a sacrifice to ask of you."

"You have no right to consider me at all—that is, if you are correct in your judgment, which I still doubt. In any case, my going away can do no harm; and if she has any such fancy in her poor little head, I dare say she will quickly get over it. It can't be *very* serious."

"Yes, I suppose you really ought to go; but what to do with the girl afterward is more than I can tell. I heartily wish— Good Heaven! there she is!"

There was consternation in the last words, for at that moment the figure of a young girl burst from the shelter of the laburnums, and with an irregular, almost staggering gait, fled toward the house. But they had caught a glimpse of her face as she shot past them, and they knew that she had heard all.

"Oh, Harry!" cried Mrs. Ellis, starting to her feet, "I do believe we have killed her. She will die outright of the grief and the shame. My poor unhappy child!" and she hurried away, leaving the young man as much distressed as herself.

Michal Lee was the half-niece of Mrs. Ellis's deceased husband. Her father, a Western Methodist preacher, had been a man of small culture indeed, but of great native force of character, an ardent and impassioned nature, which had concentrated itself upon religion. He had married Michal Ellis, a school-teacher, and a delicate and refined woman, who had loved him deeply. But her strength was not equal to the hardships of his life, and she died when her only child was but ten years old. The itinerant preacher, in his frequent absences, had to leave the little girl with their neighbors, kind women, but rough. Their home was a lonely hamlet in the western part of Pennsylvania, a mere settlement. The girl had never been to school. Her mother had taught her to read, and her father taught her, at least, to think; but she had few books, and her range of thought was necessarily narrow.

Six months before the time when my story begins Mr. Lee died, leaving his daughter to the care of Mrs. Ellis, the widow of his wife's half-brother, and a woman whom he knew, despite what he deemed her worldliness, to be full of generous kindness. Michal—that name was one of Mrs. Ellis's trials, but she never let its owner know the fact—was now about sixteen. Large-framed, though not yet fully grown, her figure was thin and "lathy," and she had a stoop in her shoulders common with girls who have grown too fast. Her feet were large and clumsy, her hands large and tanned. Her complexion was pale and sallow, her face redeemed from positive ugliness only by the beauty of the brow and eyes.

Harry Boydell, Mrs. Ellis's nephew, was twenty-two, just from college, gay, brilliant, kind-hearted, full of youth, hope, and sunshine. The shy, sorrowing orphan excited his compassion, and he was pleasantly polite to her, gracefully attentive to his aunt's kinswoman. But to her he was like a young god, and she worshiped him. Yet she had no suspicion of the fact herself until that day when, seated with a book under the laburnum-trees, she unintentionally overheard the conversation I have related. She heard Mrs. Ellis declare that she was in love with Harry Boydell, and she knew, in a self-convicting flash, that it was true! And *they* knew it. Denials and concealments were useless now. They had seen her flight, and they knew that she knew that they knew it! She had rushed away to her own room, and throwing herself upon the bed, wept in a perfect abandonment of grief and shame. After a while she rose, and going to the mirror, studied her own face and figure reflected there, recalling the words she had overheard from Harry. Could any thing be harder for a woman than to hear her personal defects thus spoken of by the man she loves? She was near going wild.

But she had a great deal of self-command, after all, and she went down to breakfast the next morning trying to act as if nothing had happened. There was no reference made by any one to what they all knew. Harry was ready to go away; and he announced his departure as if the fact and its cause were not perfectly well known to her. He kissed his aunt, then bade good-by to Michal, shaking hands kindly, and calling her his cousin. She answered in a dull, mechanical way, not once looking up, and in a moment he was gone. And he had gone despising her—to avoid and spare her because she had given her heart unasked! She had no room for resentment or complaint against him; she could only submit and accept his contempt.

Of course she was mistaken as to his feeling. He was as vain as the average of young men, but he was also as true a gentleman as Lancelot, flower of chivalry, and the secret of her innocent heart was as sacred to him as that of Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, to his knightly prototype. He felt for her only generous compassion and tenderness, and there was no sacrifice he would not have readily made to restore her to peace and happiness.

Mrs. Ellis was nearly in despair what to do with her charge. The child's health began to fail, and her aunt, though she would never have admitted as much to Harry, really feared that the sensitive, morbid child had got her death-wound. Accident came to her aid.

In the villa adjoining her own lived a family by the name of Leslie. They had an only child, a girl of twelve years, an invalid and a cripple from her birth. This girl had conceived for Michal Lee one of those sudden and intense attachments which such unfortunates often show. The gentle ways of the young girl were grateful and soothing to her, and she was always sending for her or being taken to see her. The Leslies were about to take their child abroad, in the faint hope that change of climate might benefit her, and they were anxious that Michal should accompany them. Hitherto Mrs. Ellis had not given the plan any serious consideration, but now it seemed a special intervention of Providence in her behalf. When the proposition was made to Michal she acceded to it eagerly, and showed a feverish impatience to get away. It was not till the moment of departure came that she manifested any feeling about leaving her aunt. Then she threw her arms around the latter's neck, kissed her fervently, whispered tremulously, "You have been *very* kind to me," and was gone in a flash.

Mrs. Ellis underrated the force of her niece's character. Certainly the latter's position was one to call out whatever power of resistance, self-control, and pride she had. And it did. She was no love-lorn Helena, obstinately pining for "some bright particular star" beyond her reach. *Her* pain was not the hopelessness of her love, but the shame of having it known. This shame nearly cured the love—very soon would cure it entirely. She thought nothing could ever cure the stinging smart of her humiliation. She could not have fallen into better hands than she had. The Leslies were cheerful, sunshiny people, cultivated and agreeable, and they loved her dearly—first for their child's sake, then for her own. When, at the end of a year, the poor child died, they could not part with Michal; she must remain to fill the lost one's place. So she continued, year after year, to live with them, they residing still abroad. Time, knowledge, and growth did for her their natural and beneficent work. The wound to her heart, and the sorer wound to her pride, healed at last. Michal Lee was a woman now, cheerful, strong, and happy, with a woman's richest capabilities of enjoyment.

The story returns to Harry Boydell. I should, perhaps, have mentioned before that at the time we speak of he was very much in love with Edith Ray, a beautiful, graceful, fashionable girl of twenty, a perfect contrast to Michal Lee in every thing. They were not exactly engaged, though he had received encouragement that they might be so. But Miss Ray was a coquette; she had other strings to her bow. Harry's complete devotion was very pleasant to her, but he was only one, and she felt herself quite too charming for monopoly. Without promising a great deal, she managed to keep the poor fellow dangling after her smiles for two or three years. Whether she would really have jilted him at last I can not say, for she had not the chance. It was he who gradually became disenchanted. As his own character matured and deepened he began to discover the shallowness of hers. She was not bad or false, but she had little heart and little brain. By degrees her pretty wiles lost their power over him. He felt neither anger nor disgust, and never raved about his "Amy, shallow-hearted!" like the grand heroic gentleman in "Locksley Hall." He simply grew a little tired of her; and when she showed a disposition to smile seriously on the suit of her fiftieth adorer, he was quite willing to take himself out of her way. They kissed and parted in the most friendly and commonplace way imaginable, and the thing was all over. Perhaps he was a little cynical for a while, but very amiably so. He knew all the time that the world is not hollow, nor all women just dolls stuffed with sawdust; but he saddened when he saw to how few it is given to know the love of which he had dreamed. He rather gave it up for himself.

About this time he met with a heavy loss of property; three-fourths of his fortune was swept away in some financial crash, and he was compelled to go to work to support himself and an invalid sister. He had studied law, but hitherto had never practiced. Now he applied himself diligently, and soon found that he liked work. His powers strengthened: he grew mentally vigorous, began to make money, and to rise in his profession—in short, was a man at last, and not an idler.

But, like most men of his class, he knew no moderation in work, and before many years his health began to break. He did not take warning. He was retained in an important and exciting case, and he labored on it day and night, scarcely stopping to take food or sleep. He made a splendid plea, and gained his case; but next day he was smitten down with a fever, which had nearly been the end of him. Skillful physicians pulled him through, however, and then imperatively ordered him to take three months of perfect rest.

In this period of enforced leisure he paid a visit to Mrs. Ellis at her home on the Hudson. It was years since he had been there. As for Michal Lee, he had almost forgotten her existence, until she was recalled to his mind by the scenes in which he had known her. Mrs. Ellis had told him long ago that she remained absent, but that she was well and happy; and he had felt heartily glad that he had not been the unintentional cause of any lasting pain to her. He remembered her, not gratefully, as a man might a more beautiful woman who had loved him unsought, but with a generous compassion for her youth and absolute ignorance of the world. He did not know where she had gone; but had an idea that she was with her Western kindred, and probably married by this time.

Now the truth was, Michal Lee was at the time within a stone's-throw of him. The Leslies had returned some weeks ago, bringing her with them; but for some reason Mrs. Ellis had not thought best to mention the fact.

One afternoon he was returning, heated, torn, and very muddy, from a fishing excursion. Thinking he saw Mrs. Ellis alone in the piazza, he walked up the steps regardless of his ill plight; but when he had advanced too far for retreat he perceived to his dismay that it was not his aunt, but a stranger, young and beautiful. She stood leaning against a column. Her figure was tall and of superb proportions, the poise of the head regal. She had a calm, clear-cut face, a complexion fair but not pale, and large, gray, steady eyes. Her dress, of some shining summer stuff, fell round her in long sweeping folds that seemed a part of herself.

She turned as Harry approached, and her lips parted in a slow smile which lighted the whole face and made it dazzling. Harry was puzzled as well as embarrassed, for the look had recognition in it. He advanced hesitatingly.

"Mr. Boydell has forgotten me, I perceive," said the stranger, in a clear, sweet voice. "I must introduce myself. I am Michal Lee."

She extended her hand, and he took it, stammering and confused. He managed to get out some stupid commonplace about pleasure at seeing her again; and Mrs. Ellis coming out at that moment, he was glad to make his disarray the excuse for a hasty retreat. He knew he had appeared like a fool, but he was lost between admiration and wonder. Could this superb beauty be really the awkward girl he had compared to a dromedary? Could this queenly woman, so calm, so smiling, so assured, be really the sad, shy, trembling little Michal Lee? She seemed to have utterly forgotten the circumstances of their former acquaintance, or if not, the recollection had long since ceased to embarrass her.

But it had just begun to embarrass him. He was so afraid she would *think* he remembered it, and despise him for a coxcomb, that he could not forget it for a moment. They met daily, but though he was irresistibly attracted and fascinated, he could not feel at ease in her presence. The Leslies saw a great deal of company, and Miss Lee was constantly surrounded by an admiring circle. To Boydell she was the same as to the rest, gracious and serene; but each day he grew more uncomfortable—and more in love. Yes, that was the truth. He loved her. Not as the gay, light-hearted youth had loved Edith Ray, but with all the concentrated force and fervor of the stronger, more earnest man. But he had very little hope. He had never been really a vain man, and experience had not increased his self-confidence. Bitterly now he remembered the time—ten years ago—when from the height of his youthful pride and happiness he had looked down in condescending pity on the poor little moth singed in his splendid flame. Now the case was reversed. From the height of her noble womanhood she had, indeed, a right to look down indifferently upon him. He knew she was not passionless and cold, but she seemed so far removed from him! Could he ever reach her heart?

He meant to be prudent and reticent, to guard against any revelation of his feelings until she should know him better and be more prepared to listen to him; but, of course, he failed to keep this resolution. A whimsical fate selected the spot where his secret was told.

One hot afternoon they were sauntering together in the garden; she complained of fatigue, and sat down on the rustic bench under the laburnum-trees. It was their blossom-time, and the long golden chains drooped over Miss Lee's head, one even resting in vivid contrast against her rich dark hair. She was silent, leaning back a little languidly, her white hands trifling with the leaves and flowers. He sat beside her also in silence, but memory and fancy were both busy. His cheeks began to flush and his eyes to burn with the emotions he could not subdue. She chanced to look toward him, and started in genuine surprise at the unmistakable language of his eyes. He saw that she had read his secret, and in a moment it leaped to his lips. He held her hand in his, and was pleading his suit with a passionate fervor which no woman can hear unmoved.

Miss Lee did not. She withdrew her hand, and said, gently, "I am very, very sorry for this, Mr. Boydell. If I had suspected its possibility even, I would have prevented it."

"Is, then, the expression of my feelings so painful to you?"

"Rather so incredible. Forgive me for saying that you are the last man on earth from whom it would have seemed to me possible that I should hear such words."

"Am I so utterly repugnant to you?"

"You misinterpret me," answered she, earnestly. "I have no feeling toward you but the truest esteem and friendship. But—" She hesitated for a moment, a slight flush suffused her face, and she went on: "Let me speak plainly. There was a time when to have heard the words you

have just spoken would have been the greatest happiness I could know. I was a child then, rude, ignorant, unformed, but with a power of feeling and affection which I fear I do not possess now. I was too simple to know the utter folly of my dream until I was awakened from it. It was a bitter awakening for a proud and sensitive child; but it had this advantage—it was complete. You predicted that the girl 'would get over it.' You were right. All the forces of her nature rose to assist her in strangling that folly. She *has* got over it; and the cure was so perfect that any relapse was from the first impossible."

"You talk of your own folly, but you have no compassion upon mine. You punish me very bitterly, Michal."

"I have no wish to punish, for, indeed, I never blamed you. I only speak the truth plainly, as is best for us both. Do you not see that having for so many years smiled half in scorn, half in pity, of that childish love has made it impossible that it should repeat itself?"

"You *are* pitiless, Michal," he answered, with a bitterness almost angry. "For God's sake forget that incident of a time when we were both ignorant children! It has cost me more than you, on your own showing. If we had met as strangers, you might have failed to love me, but you would not have detested me."

How earnestly she besought his forgiveness! how gently she deprecated his anger! She was as far from unkindness as from tenderness; she was simply indifferent. It was as she had said: she had cured herself of loving him as of a folly, and the cure was complete. She saw no reason why he should not do the same. She wanted him for a friend. Why could they not take "a new departure," and out of the ruins of a foolish dead past construct a cheerful living friendship in which both should be content?

What could the man do? He could not blame her: she had been kind, womanly, and frank. But he forbade her to suppose that his love was a mere childish fancy which could be cured. It had struck its roots too deeply into the core of his being, and would live while he lived. He did not wish to be rid of it. Wherever she went his love would follow her, would encircle and bless her. She might never care for it, but it would be always hers. Then he bade her good-by, and, in spite of doctors, went back to his office and his work.

That was a year ago. Miss Lee was in New York last winter, a star of the first magnitude in certain small but brilliant circles. She often met Harry Boydell, and always with a gentle friendliness as frank as it was unembarrassed. His manner toward her was grave and quiet, yet she could not mistake its meaning. It was full of what if I might be allowed I should call repressed devotion. To one looking on it expressed nothing; to her it said, plainly, "I am yours only and always, and you know it. Our common knowledge of the fact is a tie between us which you can not ignore. Some day you may need me and draw me to yourself."

I do not know whether any woman could stand that kind of thing entirely unmoved; but it is certain that Miss Lee gave no sign. And when the spring came, and she left town, they parted as they had met.

In the month of May Mrs. Ellis had a severe illness, which greatly alarmed her friends. Michal Lee was, of course, in attendance upon her, and Harry Boydell, her only near relative, was sent for to arrange her affairs in anticipation of her death. For many days the two shared a tender and anxious watch by the sick-bed, all mere personal feelings put aside or forgotten—united for the time by their common affection and care for the sufferer.

Happily for her many friends, Mrs. Ellis did not die. Her disorder took a favorable turn, and she was recovering rapidly, so that Harry prepared to return to town. He felt compelled to hasten his departure on account of some important business which would take him in a few weeks to England. He expected to be detained abroad for a year, and possibly longer.

He was to take a train which left at noon, and proposed to walk to the station, a distance of half a mile. Miss Lee was in the sick-room when he came to say good-by to his aunt. He took an affectionate leave of Mrs. Ellis, and then held out his hand to Michal. She gave him hers—the beautiful large white hand which he had lately seen ministering so untiringly to the necessities of the invalid. Its touch was cool and steady now, and there was no faltering in her clear sweet voice. She bade him farewell very kindly; but he felt, with what was almost a sob in his throat, that it was only kindly, not tenderly. She pitied, but she would never love him. He could hardly speak, but wrung her hand almost fiercely, then hurrying from the room, he fairly ran down the avenue and out into the road.

Michal Lee turned calmly to the sick woman's bedside, smoothed her pillows, and gave her a cool draught; then summoned the nurse and walked quietly into the garden. But no sooner was she out of sight than her stately composure failed utterly. Tears streamed from her eyes; her breath came in short, quick sobs; her step was wild and trembling. She hurried to the shelter of the laburnum-trees, and flinging herself upon her knees on the ground, her arms resting upon the bench and her face buried in them, gave way to a perfect passion of tears. Bitterly she reproached herself for the folly and the pride which had bade her fling away the love which she knew had become to her the richest prize on earth. She had lost it now irrevocably. It would never be offered her again. She had felt instinctively that he meant this parting to be their final one. Even such love as his would be wearied out at last. He *would* learn some day that loving her was a folly, and would cure himself of it as she had done before. The pain of that old wound had been far less bitter than this. Then she had felt, indeed, humiliation, but no self-reproach. She had dreaded lest he should despise her; now she despised herself.

A step on the gravel startled her. She looked up and met the eager, tender, searching gaze of Harry Boydell.

Of course, with the barriers of pride so perfectly beaten down, it did not take long for a complete explanation between the two. Harry Boydell missed the train that day, but I do not think he regretted it. When an hour had passed, and they were talking with some approach to calmness, Michal questioned him as to what had brought him back so unexpectedly.

"It was a sudden, foolish impulse," answered he, "but an irresistible one. I despaired of your ever loving me, and I wanted one memento of the time when you once did so. I meant to carry off just a handful of leaves from the laburnum-tree to dream sad dreams upon when far away from you."

Harry Boydell sailed for Europe a week later than he had intended, but he did not go alone. There had been a very quiet wedding, to which few guests were invited, for Mrs. Ellis could not yet bear much excitement. But some little comment was excited among the ladies present by a singular solecism apparent in the costume of the bride. Instead of the ordinary wreath of orange blossoms which should fasten the bridal veil, the rich dark locks of Michal Lee were adorned with golden laburnum flowers.

THE MIGHTY DRUM-MAJOR.

[See Illustration on Page 552.]

O mighty drum-major, with tassels and stripes on,
And bright scarlet coat, with its buttons of gold,
And a great silver globe at the top of his baton—
What a wonderful man in the good days of old!

Him only we saw when the soldiers paraded;
The colonel and major were nothing to see;
Beside him we ran through the streets until jaded—
A mighty great man, the drum-major, was he!

How majestic his air when he twirled round his baton!
How measured his tread, and how stately his walk,
When he marched through the town with his great shaggy hat on,
Hardly deigning to see us and never to talk!

Oh, dear to our hearts was the lofty drum-major,
Six feet in his stockings, if he was an inch!—
The mightiest man in the town, I would wager,
And plank down my marbles the bargain to clinch.

O dreams of my youth—gorgeous visions of battle!
Nor glory nor scars call them back to my soul;
I've faced the wild charge and the musket's death-rattle,
But in dreams the drum-major eclipses the whole.

And the girl of my youth, whom I loved with such passion—
Just under her window he strode in his pride;
And her eyes sought his form in such worshipful fashion,
Mars filled all my heart while I ran by his side.

Was it music and color, the pageant, that caught her,
That flushed her fair cheek, thrilled her pulses with life?
My arm in a sling, crowned with honor, I sought her—
But alas! *not* drum-major—I found her a wife.

Sweet dreams of my youth! they are gone like the shadow;
The smoke of the battle, the death-speaking roar,
Float faint o'er my fancy, like mists o'er the meadow:
So fades the drum-major—he moves me no more.

Isaac I. Hayes.

A ROUGH ESTIMATE.

Old Uncle Ned, the "artist in whitewash," who stands dubiously viewing the ceiling in Mr. Sheppard's humorous picture on page 549, is evidently somewhat puzzled to fix a price for his work; and the little girl, leaning on a chair and looking up into his face, appears to enjoy the old fellow's perplexity in a high degree. The pleasant-faced mistress of the house, however, comes to his aid, and we may be sure that, with her assistance, the rough estimate will not be far out of the way.

AN EXTEMPORIZED DOLLY VARDEN.

Mr. Sheppard is never more successful than in his sketches of negro life and character, and the two which we give this week, on page 549, are among the best specimens of his talent. Both are full of character and genial humor. The "Dolly Varden" sketch tells its own story too well to require explanation.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Where shall we go this summer?" is a question of momentous interest to thousands when the early heats of June come suddenly, or the more fierce July sun beats down upon the stifled city. A prompt decision is made, and there is a grand exodus to Niagara, Saratoga, Long Branch, Newport, the White Mountains, or to some one of the numerous resorts which are believed to be health and comfort giving. The health and comfort may not be found to the extent expected, but it is true that those who leave the city are, in general, those who might be very comfortable if they remained in it. It is the poor who are imprisoned in small, close rooms, each room often with many occupants; the poor who are huddled together in narrow, filthy streets—these it is who suffer in midsummer. In winter a call is made for charity to the needy: is there not much suffering which might be relieved during these hot summer months? If those who go to watering-places for rest and refreshment, as well as those who in their own airy rooms at home enjoy all cooling appliances, both internal and external, would substantially remember those less favored, their pleasure would be doubled. Ices or wholesome cooling drinks would often be most grateful to a weary worker or a sick child who has no extra shilling to expend in such indulgences.

There were representatives of several foreign journals at the Jubilee. Honolulu sent two; Paris, London, Dublin, and Berlin have correspondents, and also the British provinces.

Fifty families from Boston will spend the summer at Newport; twenty-seven of them occupy their own villas.

The newest sensation in prospect for the summer season is a grand buffalo hunt at Niagara Falls. Those interested have sent to Nebraska for live buffaloes, which are to be conveyed by cars to the Falls, and a party of Pawnee Indians, in aboriginal costume, are to hunt the buffaloes down. Some disasters have occurred, however. Seven buffaloes were captured south of North Platte, but in transporting them a distance of fifty miles six died, having been exhausted in being run down. Whether this will interfere with the project remains to be seen.

The property of Miss Nabby Joy, amounting to $280,650, has at length been divided by the executors of her will. This is believed to be the largest amount of property that has ever been distributed in this country by executors for purely charitable purposes.

The "Glorious Fourth" is an extremely trying day in New York, as well as every where else, for all people with nerves. To keep clear of exploding firecrackers is an exploit of no little difficulty. It is of no use to fret about it, however; noise is an essential element of the Fourth of July, and we know of no place where one can escape from it. Of course there are always the usual number of accidents—we must be thankful if there is not an *unusual* number.

Thousands of barrels of flour are annually exported from this country to England, which return again in the form of fancy crackers and biscuit.

Orientals do not change their style of dress. Among them each nation and tribe has its peculiar costume, as well as its insignia of religious creed. These fashions are perpetual, centuries seldom bringing any marked change. It is related of the young King of Siam that having cherished a friendly regard for a lady who had, during the reign of his father, resided in the royal city, he requested her to send him her likeness. This was accordingly done by the hands of a mutual friend, and the gift was received with marked pleasure by the monarch. But after a long and careful scrutiny he asked, with a puzzled air, "Has my friend changed her nation or her religion? It must be one or the other. The features are the same, but the *dress!* This is not the costume she wore when I saw her last."

Nothing seems to stop the army-worm when once it has begun its march. Near Nashville, Tennessee, a phalanx of these creatures crossed a river, invaded a field of rye, and swept it to the ground. The owner of the field tried to stay their course with fire and water, but in vain; they went over every obstacle, prepared for fresh victories.

If all the stories told of Strauss are true, we fear he may be inclined to deception. "They say" that *he says* that when he was in Russia all the noble ladies begged for locks of his hair. He had no notion, however, of becoming bald before his time; so he clipped the shaggy back of his favorite Newfoundland, and gave locks to the impressionable Russians, who treasured the precious hairs in their albums.

The Hubbub at the Hub is the prettiest name of all given to the affair which has made such a commotion.

The latest intelligence from Persia represents the famine as "worse than ever." The horrors of this period of suffering can not be known or estimated.

Many cities in America might learn a lesson from the towns of India, which are considered so far behind us in civilization. All garbage and filth are promptly removed from the houses and streets of Indian towns by a caste of people whose inherited occupation this is. If any chance to remain, crows, vultures, jackals, etc., and the heavy periodical rains, are an effective Board of Health. The people are cleanly—Brahmins fastidiously so. They bathe frequently; they prepare their food with care; and in these respects would put to shame many who live in more enlightened countries.

Snow-banks still linger on Mount Washington, Mount Jefferson, and Mount Adams. A few flakes, borne on cooling breezes, would be grateful in these parts!

One hot Sunday a Western Methodist minister observed that the majority of his congregation were wrapped in placid slumber. Suddenly pausing in his sermon, he requested Deacon S—— to pass around the plate. The deacon thus accosted rose to his feet and, with a very red face, said,

"The collection has already been taken up."

"Never mind, Brother S——," replied the minister; "take up another, for I intend to make the congregation pay for lodgings as well as for spiritual food."

When the second collection had been taken up, the congregation was very wide awake indeed.

London has indulged in many feline exhibitions—now there has been a more dignified English dog-show. There were over a thousand entries, comprising blood-hounds, deer-hounds, greyhounds, mastiffs, yard-dogs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, pointers, setters, spaniels, otter-hounds, harriers, beagles, fox terriers, sheep-dogs, Dalmatians, bull-dogs, terriers of all sorts, Dandie Dinmonts, pugs, Maltese, Blenheim and King Charles spaniels, Italian greyhounds, and sporting and other puppies. There were ninety-five classes, and the judges found it not a slight task to decide which canines deserved badges of honor and distinction.

The following advice is said to have been given by the Pope to some devout Roman ladies who recently waited upon him with an address and an original ode written by one of their number. Whoever the advice comes from, it is wholesome. Having commended the good purposes of his visitors, he referred to the reproof which the angels gave to those who gazed in astonishment up into heaven after the ascension of Jesus, in the words, "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" He then went on to say:

"You see, then, dear daughters, that it is always wrong to stay still in idleness—yes, even when we are looking up to heaven to see wonders. In a word, we ought rather to act—rather to act than gaze. This is what you have to do always and every where you can, whether at your country houses, or among your friends, or in the midst of your families. Yes, there is good to be done by you in your own houses. Even in your own houses you may have some little disorder to cure; some of those belonging to you need setting right. If so, set them right charitably, and strive to bring them to a good life. Keep on praying fervently, keep on working and setting a good example in all times and in all places, and then you will not have to be upbraided that you, too, 'stand looking up to heaven.'"

It is injurious for a child to associate too much with persons of mature age. Children need companions about their own age; and the parents of an only child have, in many respects, a more difficult task than those who have half a dozen. In a large family the little folks help to "bring up" one another. The elder assist the younger; and each one is naturally made to feel that the others have rights and preferences as well as himself. The habit of considering the preferences of others, and of kindly yielding to them, is thus easily formed. But a solitary child fails to receive this important training; and, moreover, is likely to become prematurely old in feeling and thought from constant association with adults.

The home of "George Eliot," the author of "Adam Bede," is in one of the most secluded parts of London, which is described as an overgrown village of villas, hidden from the high-road by low dead-walls and by a high growth of shrubs and trees, which leave little visible but chimney-pots to the passers-by. This district has all the seclusion of the country, though it is within half an hour's walk of the busiest part of the town, and it reminds one of those conventual establishments of the Continent which are in the midst of great cities, yet completely shut out from the turmoil of their daily life. The mode of obtaining an entry to the house has in it a sort of mystery in harmony with this impression. You ring, and the outer gate opens, as it were of itself, for there is no living being before you to suggest a human agency, and you see no signs of life until you have walked through the garden and reached the porch, where you are at last cheered by the sight of a fellow-creature in the shape of a servant.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

At the opening of a breach-of-promise case in Kentucky the Court asked the counsel for the plaintiff how long the trial would probably last. "I can't say exactly," replied the counsel, "but will mention as one item that I have three hundred and eighty-four love-letters, written by the defendant to my client, to read."

Human Constancy—Two fools promising to make a straight journey over a crooked road.

Hop Merchants—Dancing masters.

"Here, waiter," said a gentleman, as he was about leaving the hotel, "here's a dollar for you. I give it to you because you have attended to my fire so well." "Thank your honor: may you live long, and may I have the making of your fires hereafter!"

To Make Both Ends Meet—Bow very low.

A policeman was seen the other day, during a rain-storm, with an umbrella, trying to arrest the rain.

An Alabama paper was not issued at the regular time lately, one of the editors being on the jury and the other having been married. Both expressed their regrets in the next issue.

Unfamiliar Quotation.—A nose by any other name would smell as well.

Why should we look to medical men to put down the eccentricities of fashion?—Because they can best administer clo'-reform.

An irate Western editor lately wrote to a contributor, "If you don't stop sending me such abominable poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your girl."

The Two Dogs—Puppyism and dogmatism.

A Long Island poet says of a recently deceased carpenter:

"No wonder he sawed short life's span,
For long he was an (n)ailing man."

A brisk amateur student approached Mr. Opie, the great historical painter, with the question, "Pray, Sir, may I ask what you mix your colors with?" "With brains, Sir," was the prompt reply.

O kittens! in our hours of ease, uncertain toys, and full of fleas; when pain and anguish hang o'er men, we turn you into sausage then.

Men are like bugles: the more brass they contain, the more noise they make, and the farther you can hear them.

The Dismal Side of Life—Suicide.

The rising generation "age" rapidly in Detroit. A mature specimen, eight years old, was hunting about the police stations for a stray father the other night. "You see," he remarked, with filial exultation, "the guvnor's a little wild yet, but he'll grow out of it."

The Original Dolly Varden—Joseph's coat.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had lowered, exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

The following composition has been turned out by an American scholar, aged nine years: "A boy without a father is a norphan, without a mother a double norphan, but is oftenest without a grandfather or a grandmother, and then he is a norphanist."

Farmers are like fowls—neither will get full crops without industry.

Spots on the Son—Freckles on your boy's face.

A box containing a black bear was received at an express office in San Francisco the other day; outside was this inscription: "Black Bare, ef yew don't want to get bit, kepe your fingers out of the crax."

An English critic says novels with a purpose are not born lucky.

They call an Indiana judge "Old Necessity," because he knows no law.

A gray hair was espied among the raven locks of a fair friend of ours a few days ago. "Oh, pray pull it out," she exclaimed. "If I pull it out, ten will come to the funeral," replied the lady who made the unwelcome discovery. "Pluck it out, nevertheless," said the dark-haired damsel; "it's no sort of consequence how many come to the funeral, provided they all come in *black*."

THE LATE CHARLES LEVER.

JOHANN STRAUSS.—[SEE PAGE 557.]

THE LATE CHARLES LEVER.

THE death of Mr. CHARLES LEVER, one of the most popular of modern novelists, which took place a few weeks since at Trieste, was every where mentioned with sincere regret. His novels had almost as wide a circulation in England and America as those of DICKENS or THACKERAY; for while his genius was inferior to theirs, his writings had the same charm of humor and geniality, which makes every reader the author's personal friend. He was fortunate in his chosen field in literature. Irish gentlemen and sportsmen, officers of crack regiments, gallant young diplomatic attachés at foreign courts, all brisk fellows, fast-riding, shooting, carousing, flirting, traveling, joking, and finessing in the game of a free competition for love and glory, were subjects that Mr. LEVER knew how to make attractive.

His personal history was not remarkably eventful. He was born at Dublin in 1809, the son of an architect, and was educated partly at Trinity College, Dublin, partly at the University of Göttingen. Having studied for the medical profession and got a physician's diploma, he practiced at Derry and Coleraine, holding an official post of great labor and responsibility during the cholera visitation of 1832. His services were rewarded with the appointment of physician to the British legation at Brussels. It was there he wrote "Harry Lorrequer," which appeared in monthly shilling parts, like "Pickwick" and "Nickleby," with laughable illustrations drawn by "Phiz." "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," "Tom Burke, of Ours," and "Jack Hinton, the Guardsman," carried on the series of these lively narratives of "a way they have in the army," which was brought to a climax in "Our Mess." In 1858 he was appointed British consul at Spezzia. By this time he had begun to introduce a large mixture of foreign scenes and situations with the Irish element in his stories. "The Dodd Family," "The Daltons," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," and "Davenport Dunn," belong, more or less, to the same class. In another kind of fictions, such as "Arthur O'Leary," "Con Cregan," and "Horace Templeton," there was a manifest intention to excite our interest rather in the fortunes of an individual than in the peculiarities of a class habit common to many people. "Con Cregan" has been well called an Irish Gil Blas. It is the autobiography of a lucky scamp. The later stories of Mr. LEVER have been of a higher tone; and in "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," "That Boy

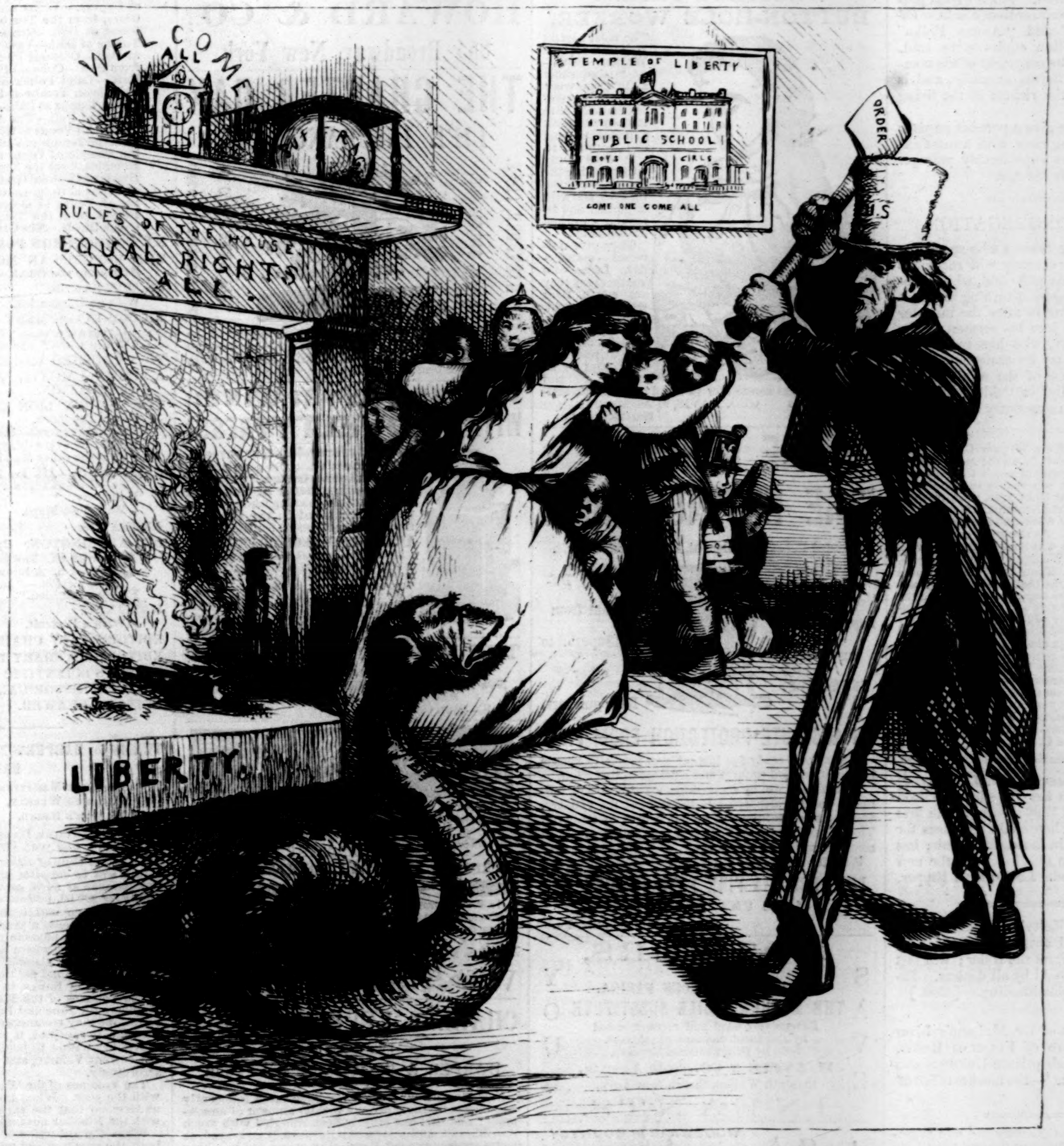
A COUNTRY CONGREGATION—DISTURBED BY A LATE-COMER.—FROM A SKETCH BY MARY C. M'DONALD.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

of Norcott's," and "Lord Kilgobbin," if he had lost much of his former dashing force, he seemed to have gained a sounder conception of the more serious aspects of life and character. He had since 1867 been resident at Trieste, to which consular station he was promoted from that of Spezzia. He was to the last a very industrious writer, contributing at the same time to the *Cornhill Magazine* the most recent stories above named, and to *Blackwood* his commentaries on political and other topics of the day, under the *nom de plume* of "Cornelius O'Dowd." A literary career of thirty years, attended with success as fairly merited, in its measure, as that of his more highly gifted contemporaries, has reached its natural termination.

ROMISH INGRATITUDE.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ONE of the most dangerous traits of the rigid form of Romanism prevailing among us is its total want of gratitude. Without remorse it would sting the breast that gives it shelter. It teaches its uncultivated followers, from the first moment when they touch the shores of freedom, to hate the Bible, the foundation of American progress; to assail the common schools, the chief source of public and private virtue; to array themselves in an isolated and domineering caste, teeming with European prejudices, and pledged to maintain a lasting hostility to those generous institutions and that liberal government which have provided them with a safe home. It inculcates all the violence of sectarianism, and warns its adherents against any friendly union with Protestant Americans. This system of instruction begins when the immigrant first lands upon our soil. We have among us a Board of Commissioners of Emigration, provided by the State of New York, for the protection and security of the great host of European emigrants who annually pour into our harbor. Unhappily this board has been controlled for several years by the same class of men who have ruled in our city politics. Its expenditures and its appointments, its government and its influence, have been guided chiefly by Roman Catholics; and although more than one-half the immigrants are unconnected with the Church of Rome, yet the moneys contributed by them to the common fund have been expended, it is stated, upon Catholic officials, by Catholic direction, and a portion even upon building a Romish chapel upon Ward's Island. The immense influence exercised by this board, whether upon the emigrant at his first landing, or upon the countless throngs claiming its protection in the hospitals, or in different parts of the State and country, can scarcely be estimated too highly; in the hands of the open enemies of the common schools and of Protestant institutions, it must seem singularly dangerous.



ROMISH INGRATITUDE.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS NAST.]

No sooner does the emigrant land at Castle Garden than he falls into the hands of the priest. Whether by the connivance or the direction of the Commissioners, he is at once provided, if he is a German, with a pamphlet inscribed with the suggestive motto, "Jesus, Maria, Joseph," the symbol of the Jesuit faction. It is prepared by the German Catholic Union, and is designed to preserve the foreign citizen in a strict isolation from the native population. He is told that America is a perilous land—*gefährliches*—godless and corrupt; that to escape its dangers, he must rely chiefly on the counsels of his priest. He is directed never to take service with a Protestant German or a doubtful Catholic; even American Protestants are to be preferred, with the exception of Baptists and Methodists, who are especially to be avoided. He must never abandon his native language, or forget the customs of his fatherland. Only German is to be spoken in his family, and his children are to be persuaded, and even compelled—*ja, zwinge sie*—to address their parents in their own tongue, lest they learn the irreverent manners of American youth.

But it is against the public schools that the emigrant is especially warned as the centres of moral and spiritual corruption. "Keep your children," the Catholic Union insists, "away from State schools, which one might better call heathen schools, or even by some worse name." And one of its orators proceeds to demand that the school funds shall be divided in such a way as to insure the education of the people in the rigid principles of Romanism.

Thus does the Romish Church seize upon the hopeful stranger, as he first enters his land of promise, to fill him with idle terrors and inclose him in a barbarous isolation. He is forbidden to marry except within his own narrow sect. His children are shut out from that liberal system of education in which the most eminent intellects of the nation have been formed. He is taught to dread or to despise that brilliant and progressive civilization which he sees every where spreading around him. To him all must seem dark, sullied, and forbidding. If he obeys his priest, as unhappily he usually does, he must remain ignorant, vicious, and dangerous, an unworthy member of a free community. Or if he acquires some share of knowledge at a Romish school, lives ever an alien among his fellow-citizens, contemns the government by which he is protected, and sacrifices its welfare or endangers its existence for the benefit of his imprudent sect. The condition of the Roman Catholic population, indeed, is the last great danger of republicanism and of the peace of nations. By the recent Report of the Commissioner of Education at Washington it is shown that illiteracy is rapidly increasing in the Eastern States, chiefly through foreign immigration. In the State of New York, while scarcely twenty thousand native-born citizens are wholly uneducated, yet there are nearly one hundred thousand foreigners of mature age who can neither read nor write. Of these the greater part are Roman Catholics, and it is from this class that the Romish Church would exclude the genial influence of the public school.

It would be quite impossible to enumerate that series of evils which the Romish priesthood have succeeded in inflicting upon the land in which they have found a shelter. From the people whom they keep in ignorance come three-fourths of the crime and the pauperism of the nation. In that dark mass of illiterates which they insist shall be fostered among us grow up riots and bloodshed, terror and disorder. Wherever the Romish Church extends its control over the politics of our cities a shameful scene of public robbery and moral decline at once appears. Never in the history of free nations, it may be safely affirmed, have so corrupt a body of rulers arisen as those who were recently, or even now are, plundering New York; who filled the boards and commissions with the ignorant, the rude, the vicious; who entrapped some men once honest to join with them in the delirium of crime; who still ride unpunished through our streets, and are shameless enough to brave openly the vengeance of the people. Yet the true author of all our shame—of that lasting dishonor which has been done to the cause of freedom—is that Jesuitical faction which controls the Romish Church, which the people of Rome threw off with menaces and imprecations, which has just been crushed in Germany, and which, unless arrested in free America, may sting it to the heart. The evil the Romish Church has done to the city of New York alone is enormous and irreparable. Its vast mass of ignorant, unreflecting voters have moved in a solid body at the command of their secret dictators of the confessional. Year by year they have been employed in driving from office every man who would not share in the public plunder, or obey the commands of the "Church." Twenty years ago New York was an honest city, when the Romish faction first began its assault upon the Bible and the public schools; but so successful were its intrigues that in the dark and perilous spring and summer of 1871 it was suddenly discovered that we were living under a reign of thieves; that he who ventured to complain was in danger of violence; that the judges were the accomplices of the public peculators; and that all our high officials, elected by the Roman Catholic vote, and often bearing names indicative of their origin, were criminals of no common order, or men wholly contaminated by evil associations.

Had this condition of affairs continued longer, the fangs of the serpent might already have entered the heart of American freedom. The plague was spreading from city to city. The gross ignorance of the Roman Catholic population and the fatal corruption of its leaders were already preparing the rapid ruin of the whole nation, when suddenly the press interposed. That mighty engine struck, with incessant blows, the growing evil. An era of reform has begun. Intelligent Catholics have joined in the new movement. At last they have awakened to the baseness and the duplicity of that extreme faction which, in their own Church, was exercising a destructive tyranny, and which, in the affairs of the nation, had pursued a policy marked by extraordinary bigotry, intolerance, ingratitude. No thoughtful Romanist can any longer fail to see that in the American Union the members of his Church have been received with unbounded hospitality; that they enjoy all its political privileges; are endowed with its broad fields of industry; are raised to competence by the ample rewards it offers to labor; are oppressed by no jealous restrictions; and are governed by equal laws. And he will also see that it is but a poor return on the part of his Church for such unlimited benefits to denounce American civilization as godless and corrupt, to warn its children against associating with the children of the land of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN, to keep its members aliens and hostile to their only real friends, to assail the public schools whence have come the wisest and purest of our statesmen, or to shock and wound the highest sentiment of a vast majority of his fellow-countrymen by commencing a vain assault upon the Bible.

It is the Jesuitical faction in the Romish Church, we admit—that faction which has recently been crushed and disarmed by the general indignation of the Catholics of Italy and Spain, of Austria and Bavaria—that is alone guilty of a long series of unmerited offenses against our popular institutions and our national self-respect; that would condemn its people to ignorance and barbarism; that has corrupted our judiciary, defied our laws; that assails the teacher, as at Hunter's Point, or maims him, as at Centralia; that fills the streets of New York with riot and bloodshed, and would deny to one section of Irishmen the privilege it offensively asserts for another; that has taught its own immorality to politicians, and sacrificed the good name of our city and country in a bold attempt to seize upon political power; that would inculcate the same destructive principles in the New World that have made it odious to the Catholics as well as the Protestants of Europe. Yet so long as the Romish Church consents to remain the willing instrument of the Jesuits it will never cease to be a constant menace to American freedom, the object of scorn to every patriot who feels its ingratitude and dreads its secret aims. But we trust this servile subjection may swiftly pass away. Let the American Catholic imitate the independence and the patriotism of his fellow-Catholics in the most progressive nations of Europe; let him press on the cause of free education, as in Austria or in Italy; let him exhort the emigrant, when he lands on our fortunate shores, to live thoroughly an American; let him join in all those great measures of reform and of progress that are moving anew among us, and he will become at once a worthy member of that prosperous community which, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, owes all its greatness to the general education of its people. If the Romish Church will cease to be ungrateful, the errors of its past will be forgotten. If, on the contrary, it clings to its Jesuitical teachers, covers the land with moral and political decay, allies itself with the disunionist or the public robber, remains a perpetual source of ignorance, anarchy, and crime, it will receive from the people of America the same retribution which has fallen upon it in Italy, Germany, and Spain.

JOHANN STRAUSS.

THIS celebrated Austrian composer, whose performances at the grand Boston Jubilee have excited so much enthusiasm, is the eldest son of a man who was famous in his own generation for almost exactly the same class of dashing, delightful harmonies which have been rendered so celebrated by the son. His father, for whom he was named, prepared him for the military profession; but the boy's feeble health and the

wonderful musical talents which he displayed at an early age decided his father to make a musician of him. He had excellent instructors, and already in his sixteenth year had become a virtuoso on the violin, and thoroughly familiarized himself with the art of composition and counterpoint. Several of his compositions were published and became very popular, and in his nineteenth year he resolved to form an orchestra like the one over which his father had presided so long and so creditably. The undertaking was successful, and before long young STRAUSS's orchestra became as popular as that of his father.

In 1846 he set out with his band upon a two-years' concert tour through the countries on the lower Danube, and was well received every where. In 1848 he published his famous "Radetzky March," which is now a national air in Austria, and for which he received a title and an honorable decoration. During the following fifteen years he visited nearly every capital in Europe with his orchestra, and received as many decorations as adorn the breast of a field-marshal. His greatest triumph he achieved with his band at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, where STRAUSS's concerts were one of the principal attractions.

He had meanwhile published a great many compositions, and the number of his works is now upward of six hundred. Some of his productions have had an extraordinary sale. Of his "Radetzky March" and "Annen Polka" upward of half a million copies were sold. STRAUSS receives from the copyright of his compositions fifty thousand florins annually, and is looked upon as by far the richest of the living composers of Europe.

STRAUSS, of whom we give a portrait on page 556, is a very fine-looking man, with a most expressive face, and seems considerably younger than forty-eight, which is his age.

A COUNTRY CONGREGATION.

WE fancy many of our readers who spend the summer months in the country will recognize the truth of the sketch on page 556, which represents the whole congregation turning round at once to see who is coming in after the minister has fairly launched out into his sermon. The effect on the late-comer, who has to face all these curious glances, may be easily imagined, and also the discomfiture of the minister, the point of whose "secondly" or "thirdly" is perhaps entirely lost in the momentary disturbance.

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FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. J. BREWER, Stamford, Conn., bought her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine in 1863; earning the first two years her rent and household expenses for self and child, and $710 in the savings bank; has six of the original dozen needles. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper. —[*Com.*]

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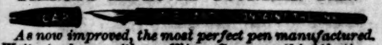

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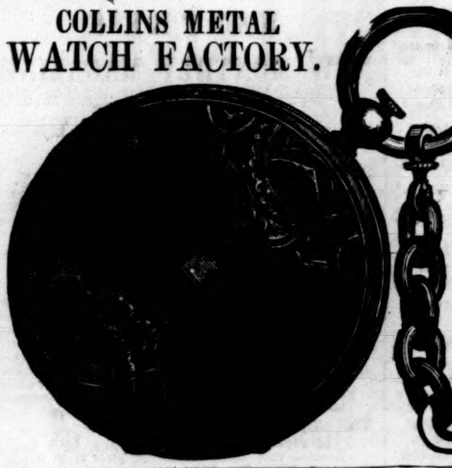

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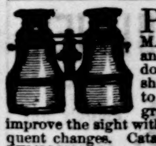

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